

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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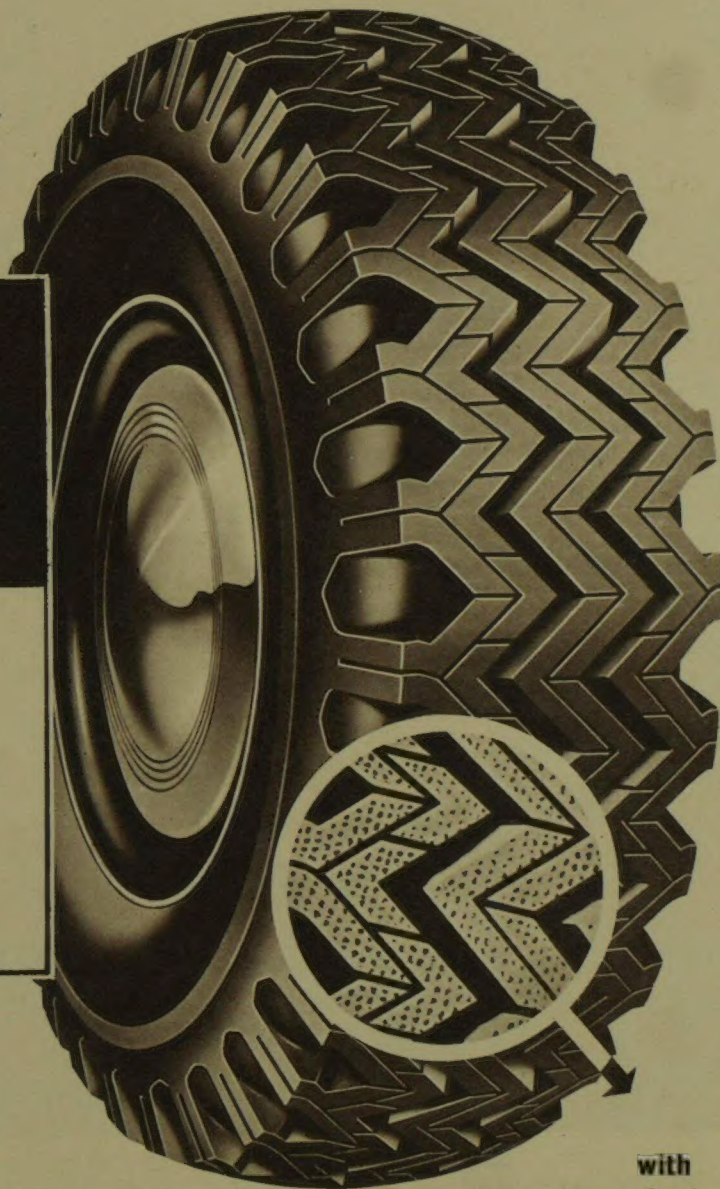
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1959.



GENERAL DE GAULLE, ELECTED BY AN OVERWHELMING MAJORITY FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE FIFTH REPUBLIC.

On December 21 General de Gaulle was elected first President of the French Fifth Republic by a large majority of the Presidential electors, who numbered more than 81,000. This vote confirmed the widespread support for General de Gaulle which was previously shown by the result of the referendum on the new Constitution and the success of the U.N.R. (the neo-Gaullist Union for a New Republic) in the November general election. The official announcement of General de Gaulle's election was to be made early in January, and—probably on January 8—he was to take over formally from M. Coty as Head of State. One of General de Gaulle's first acts as President was expected to be the appointment of the new Prime

Minister. Unofficial figures for the Presidential election (announced on December 21 by M. Castin, Chairman of the Provisional Constitutional Committee) were: General de Gaulle—62,338 (77.50 per cent. for Metropolitan France, 81.45 per cent. for overseas departments, 97.04 per cent. for the States of the French Community); M. Marrane (Communist)—10,354, and M. Chatelet (Left Wing)—6722. Previously, the President was chosen at a joint sitting of the two Houses of Parliament. The new electoral college consists of parliamentarians, members of county and municipal councils, mayors of all villages (numbering over 30,000), and in the overseas territories, the members of local assemblies.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE year 1959 looks like being an interesting one; interesting, at any rate, for future historians! It may not, of course, be a very nice one for us. Hope, however, springs eternal, and it is perhaps the most merciful of all Providence's terrestrial dispensations that it does. For there is probably not a reader of this page, including the writer of it, who does not hope, and even half-believe, that 1959 will bring better things than 1958. Anyway, it can scarcely bring a worse summer, at least not in the cloudy south-west where my cows and those of my neighbours, after what seems an eternity of rain and mist, seem likely, one feels, before long to turn into hippopotami or some other kind of semi-aquatic creature. For even on the greensand where my own more fortunate beasts live, all memory of what it is to be dry must by now have faded from the poor creatures' minds. Even the deer who prey on my young larches and beeches seem to have grown a little less aggressive as a result of the general downpour, and I can only trust that some of them have met a watery, though it is to be hoped, painless end! Some people say that the scientists and their clever new explosives are responsible for this superfluity of water, in which case even my modest hope that the new year will afford a better summer than the old appears likely to be disappointed. Especially, it seems, as one of our national New Year resolutions is that we should train up still more of these ingenious men. The Russians and the Americans, we are told, are manufacturing them in ever greater numbers and we must try to do the same! One cannot help wondering in what year it was that some far-sighted reformer and lover of humanity first hit on the happy idea of introducing science into scholastic curriculums. It must have seemed to him a year full of promise of good things to come. Someone—it might, one feels, have been Dean Swift—once unkindly observed that, if all the doctors' pills and drugs were to be thrown together into the sea, it would be so much the better for mankind and so much the worse for the sea. By the time Colonel Nasser gets the hydrogen bomb, I dare say cynics will be saying much the same thing about the products of the scientist's laboratory and brain.

Not, of course, that it would be fair to do so. Scientists, as we are frequently reminded, invent all sorts of admirable things and are of the greatest help to us in our brief sojourn in this, but for them, uncomfortable and painful world; and any little disadvantages and mishaps arising from their discoveries are merely our own fault. With this I entirely agree; it is not the amiable egg-heads ambling down the stairs of the Athenæum who are to blame, but the naughty politicians in their more worldly establishments lower down the street or round the corner up St. James's, not to mention their counterparts in Moscow, Washington, Paris and Bonn, Peking, Cairo, Accra and Warsaw. So, at least, my brother journalists are always telling us, for, if there is one place on earth where disinterested virtue reigns and one can look for moral judgment free from all alloy of self-seeking, it is, of course,

Fleet Street. And, however splendidly Nasser may be progressing, he hasn't yet, so far as we know, got an atom bomb. So, I dare say, we shall be spared the final end to the human story in 1959. Whether the great Powers who at present possess a monopoly of these evidences of what used to be called the March of Mind will, in the meantime, start showering them on one another is, of course, anybody's guess. But judging by the Kremlin's recent pronouncements about the future of Berlin, it is certainly not outside the bounds of possibility that an atomic war may be among the good things which 1959 will bring. It only requires, after all, one man with

ambition, it is hard to blame them. Equally the Western Powers are determined not to allow the elimination of the last vestige and symbol of political liberty to the east of the Elbe and all the fatal loss of confidence in the validity of freedom and of the West's power to maintain it that would follow on such a surrender and betrayal. There is, so far as I can see, only one solution that meets both these conflicting yet—for each protagonist—essential points of principle. It is to remedy the fatal omission of the hurried and illogical Armistice settlement of 1945 and to give Berlin, whether free or occupied, a common frontier, not only with totalitarian East, but with the

libertarian and parliamentary West. Only in this way can the present occupational basis of the city be ended without, as the Russians wish, subjecting it to immediate or near-immediate servitude and absorption in the Communist empire—a thing the West can only submit to at the expense of a surrender far greater than that of Munich, and even more certain to bring about a future war. The Russians, in their proposals to make Berlin a Free City, point to the success of the Austrian treaty and of the withdrawal of their own and the Allied occupying forces from Austria. But they fail to mention that what made it a success was that Austria was left a common frontier with both the Free West and the Authoritarian East, and was thus in a position to enjoy a real independence of either. This, under the present geographical dispensation, a "free" Berlin would not enjoy. It would be an enclave of Communist Germany and without any freedom of communication with the West. If the Russians wish the American, British and French occupying forces to withdraw from Berlin—as they unquestionably do—and to do so under conditions that they can accept without humiliation and ultimate disaster, they must show their good faith in the only way it can be shown: by offering the Free City whose creation they advocate a means of communication with the West as well as the East. It could be done easily, and without any loss of face, by Russia or any economic or political sacrifice by Eastern and hitherto Russian-occupied Germany. For the creation of a free corridor between Berlin and the Elbe would

isolate no part of Eastern Germany and involve only a negligible adjustment and sacrifice of territory. It would seem a small price to pay for the infinitely more independent and permanent status which would accrue to Eastern Germany through the withdrawal of the troops of the four occupying Powers from Berlin. It might not be welcomed by those who regard German reunification as the supreme end of European politics. But for those who consider the removal of differences between the Free West and Soviet East as a far more important end for mankind and for future human peace than the creation of a Fourth Reich, it would offer possibilities—if the Russians were prepared to concede it—of a real settlement of one of the most intractable of all contemporary problems. Given its solution, 1959 might prove a happier New Year than any in our decade.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO: AN ILLUSTRATION FROM
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS OF JANUARY 1, 1859.



"FASHIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR": LAVISH CREATIONS FOR YOUNG GIRLS AND A LADY, ILLUSTRATED IN OUR FASHION REVIEW OF A CENTURY AGO.

These voluminous and elaborate dresses were illustrated in our issue 100 years ago in connection with a review of fashions and novelties "prepared for the present gay season." The description of the lady's dress runs: "Of grey matelassé silk, trimmed with broad bands of blue velvet, and up the front three rows of blue velvet buttons. Round the waist a ceinture of blue ribbon, fastened in front in a bow and long flowing ends. The jacket... has a very small basque and loose pagoda sleeves. . . . Cap of white lace with blue velvet trimming. Round the throat a ruche of narrow lace." The little girl, in the centre, aged three to four, wears a cloak of mauve-coloured cashmere with a deep border of quilted silk, and a similar dress. The other girl, aged five or six, wears a cloak of brown cloth trimmed with "taffety," and a dress of blue chequered poplin.

supreme power and a crazy mind or uncontrolled temper to start the thing off. Certainly, a show-down of some kind or another over the status of the former German capital seems to be inevitable in the coming year. If the Western Allies show weakness and allow the Kremlin to eject them, war may be postponed, but it will be very far from being averted: indeed, in that event, it would probably be made inevitable. Yet matters have gone so far that some kind of recognition by both sides of the other's position seems to be now necessary if the ultimate tragedy for long-suffering mankind is to be averted. The Russians are determined not to allow a unified Germany except under conditions that make Germany, like Poland, a vassal of the Kremlin, and, remembering all that they have suffered in the past half-century from German military might and

A STEP TOWARDS ECONOMIC SECURITY: THE FRENCH DEVALUE THE FRANC.



M. ANTOINE PINAY, THE FRENCH MINISTER OF FINANCE (LEFT), ANNOUNCING THE DEVALUATION OF THE FRANC AT THE MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR IN PARIS. ON HIS RIGHT IS M. JACQUES SOUSTELLE.

IT was on December 27 that M. Pinay announced that the French franc had been devalued. With him, when he made the announcement, was the French Minister of Information, M. Jacques Soustelle. The franc now exchanges officially at 493.7 to the dollar or 1382 to the pound sterling. At the same time, the French Government announced the introduction of a new "heavy" franc worth 100 francs to the present currency. On the following evening General de Gaulle in a broadcast—probably his last before he assumes the Presidential office on January 7—described at length the economic steps decided on during the previous week-end. These, he said, represented "the decision really and truly to put our affairs in order." And the decision introduces a period of considerable austerity. There are to be higher prices for tobacco and wine and a higher company tax. There will also be a higher tax on "outward signs of wealth." Such signs will include cars and country houses.

(Right.)

PRESIDENT COTY, THE OUTGOING PRESIDENT OF FRANCE, IS SEEN WITH MADAME DE GAULLE AND THE NEWLY-ELECTED PRESIDENT OUTSIDE THE ELYSEE PALACE, PARIS, ON DECEMBER 23.



A WANDERER IN THE PELOPONNESE.

"MANI: TRAVELS IN THE SOUTHERN PELOPONNESE." By PATRICK LEIGH FERMOR.*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

THE literary standard of English books about Greece is probably higher than that of those about any other country, and in consequence no greater compliment can be paid to Mr. Leigh Fermor than to say that his present volume is equal to the best produced by earlier workers in the same field, both with regard to style and matter. This is no guide-book for a tourist in a charabanc; it is the masterpiece of a traveller and a scholar, and it is indeed good news to be told that it is the forerunner of other volumes on Greek subjects. The illustrations, it may be added, are a delight in themselves, and they most adequately support the text.

For the benefit of the uninitiated the author wisely begins by informing his readers that the



A PAINTED BAS-RELIEF OVER A DOOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF AREOPOLIS, A GREEK CITY WHICH IS NEAR THE EASTERN SHORE OF THE GULF OF MESSENIA. IT SHOWS A PROBLEMATICAL COAT OF ARMS WITH A DOUBLE-HEADED EAGLE.

Mani, probably the wildest and most isolated region of Greece, is the central prong of the Peloponnese, and is the southernmost point of Mediterranean Europe. The inhabitants are said to be descended from the ancient Spartans, and they played an important part in the War of Greek Independence in the third decade of the last century. In politics they are intensely Royalist in sympathy, and Mr. Leigh Fermor tells of a shepherd who, "with hand laid on our shoulders, said the great bond between Greece and England was that we both had Kings and Queens." Yet beneath this general agreement on the question of the régime there are many family feuds which are most graphically described in these pages. An English historian wrote not so many years ago of Pericles that "his relationship to Cleisthenes, and the enmity which existed between his house and that of Cimon, urged him to espouse the cause of democracy." The Greek is in this respect very much what he was more than 2000 years ago, and prejudices and affinities, both personal and family, are still the basis of political divisions, not least in the Mani.

One conversation with a casual acquaintance recorded by Mr. Leigh Fermor is eloquent of this fact:

The conversation drifted inevitably to politics. Like most of the Maniots, he was a firm Royalist. I pointed to the poster of M. Petro Mavromichalis, and asked if he had voted for him.

"Yes," he said, "but I think we ought to change our deputy. The Government is always promising to build a road here, and it never gets done."

The vision of a metalled highway snaking through the hills appeared; blocked by a column of motor-lorries, each of them loaded with a howling menagerie of wireless sets for the silent Mani. I silently heaped blessings on M. Mavromichalis' head. I asked him who he would prefer to represent the constituency: it was sad to contemplate this uprooting of traditional allegiances. He looked surprised. "Who? Why, Kyriakos Mavromichalis, of course, his brother. Who else?"

Mr. Leigh Fermor is neither principally, nor particularly, interested in politics—though he has some wise remarks to make about the problem of Cyprus—but it is impossible to be in any part of Greece for long without hearing them discussed. The Mani is certainly no exception, but in that

area they have their roots deeper in the clan system than elsewhere. Indeed, the clan system in the Southern Peloponnese is so strong that it has even affected the landscape, for in it is to be found the origin of the innumerable towers which are so prominent a feature of the countryside. The leading families, the author tells us, maintained their position by neglecting no opportunity of crushing the opposition of their rivals, and the methods they employed to this end would have aroused envy even in a mediæval Italian city. Their ambition was to have houses sufficiently high to be able to drop boulders on those of their rivals, "so the towers began to grow, each in turn, during periods of truce, calling his neighbours' bluff with yet another storey, and so climbing further into the air until they were all perched at the top of fantastic pinnacles. Apart from tactical considerations, the standing of a family was assessed . . . by the height of its towers."

For the rest, the native wit enables the Greek to mock his politicians as he did in the days of Aristophanes, and some of us still remember how within a few hours of the death of Venizelos, which followed hard on the heels of that of his enemy Condylis, the newspaper-boys were shouting through the streets of Athens, "Meeting of Condylis and Venizelos." The shade of Lucian must have smiled that day.

The author has much that is interesting to say about the survival of paganism under a veneer of Orthodox Christianity. The old gods died hard in the West Roman Empire, of which they were not, in the main, natives; but they died harder still, if indeed they died at all, in the Eastern provinces, where they had been indigenous since the dawn of history, and whence their worship had been transplanted by the Roman legionaries to Spain, Gaul, and Britain. As Mr. Leigh Fermor well puts it, "The Greeks have always been polytheists, and one of the marks of polytheism is that it keeps open house: all gods are welcome." The pagan world made no inconsiderable effort to absorb Christianity in this way, and we know that the Emperor Alexander Severus had a statue of Christ set up in his private shrine; but Christianity, being a monotheistic religion, refused to be assimilated in this easy-going manner, and the change-over after the conversion of Constantine was a painful process. In the western provinces it was not so difficult, for the reason

we have already seen, and it was fairly easy among the educated everywhere, for Plato and his successors had prepared the ground; but with the masses in the Eastern Mediterranean it was another matter, and in the end Christianity was compelled to compromise. Temples were re-dedicated as churches, and saints assumed the names and characteristics of their predecessors; Dionysus, for example, became St. Dionysios, and he still retains his link with Naxos, as well as his Bacchic patronage of wine.

At a higher level, too, the Greeks refused to turn their backs on those who had guided their steps for so long.

The Greeks do well to honour these ancient mentors. They enabled their descendants to save the Divine message from the mumbling of the catacombs and to sort out the Semitic data; in cell and archbishopric and council, they attuned their skilful minds to detect, interpret, and codify the promptings of the Holy

Ghost. The evolution of Christianity into a logical system which could weather the shocks of millennia, was a Greek thing. The Christian Church was the last great creative achievement of classical Greek culture. For extent and influence in the world the dual message of Greek philosophy and the Greek interpretation of the Christian revelation stands alone.

In this way, thanks to the Greeks, the torch of civilisation was kept alight until the West was again in a position to receive it.

Modern Greece is basically an amalgam of the classical world, the Byzantine Empire, and the struggle against the Turks for independence which, as is often forgotten, lasted for nearly a century. In the cosmopolitan centres of to-day, such as Athens or Salonika, it is becoming increasingly more difficult to trace the threads of this development, but in the Mani this is not yet the case, and the author is an excellent interpreter of the various forces still at work there. He is steeped in Greek history to an extent that is now rare in Western Europe, and he is always prepared to make allowances. He does not regard every Greek with whom he may come in contact as if he were one of Plutarch's heroes, so that he is



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. PATRICK LEIGH FERMOR.

Patrick Leigh Fermor is of English and Irish descent. At the age of eighteen he walked from Rotterdam to Constantinople. He afterwards lived and wandered for many years in the Balkans and the Greek Archipelago. At the outbreak of the last war he enlisted in the Irish Guards and became liaison officer to the Greek Headquarters in the Italo-Greek war in Albania. Among other exploits, he later went to Crete, disguised as a shepherd, and organised and commanded the operation which ambushed and captured General Kreipe, the German commander of the Sebastopol Division in Crete. Among other works, he has written "The Traveller's Tree" about the West Indies.



A DISTANT PROSPECT OF THE TOWERS OF VATHEIA, A MARITIME VILLAGE OF GREECE. THESE LACONIAN TOWERS WERE CONSTRUCTED IN ANCIENT TIMES FOR PURPOSES OF SELF-PROTECTION.

These two photographs are reproduced from the book reviewed on this page by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. John Murray.

proportionately disappointed when he finds this not to be the case; and the past is never far from his mind, as, indeed, must be so with anyone who wishes to understand the Greek, whether in the Mani or elsewhere; at the same time he lets his knowledge sit lightly upon him, and his occasional flights of fancy are pure joy, as, for example, the imaginary revival of the Byzantine Empire in the person of a Maniot fisherman who claims to be a descendant of the Palæologi.

If proof be required of the fact that the larger centres of population are not Greece it lies in the pages of this book, which will also prove to be an equal delight to the reader who has not visited the country, as well as to the Philhellene to whom it is his second home.

In our issue of December 13, we stated that the President of the Royal Society, Sir Cyril Hinshelwood, was educated at Westminster School. He was, in fact, educated at Westminster City School.

* "Mani: Travels in the Southern Peloponnese." By Patrick Leigh Fermor. With photographs by Joan Eyres Monsell and a Frontispiece by John Craxton. (John Murray; 18s.)



THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS ANNE, WITH ONE OF THE ROYAL CORGIS, AT LIVERPOOL STREET STATION BEFORE LEAVING FOR SANDRINGHAM.

THE ROYAL FAMILY—WITH THEIR PETS— LEAVE LONDON FOR CHRISTMAS.



THE PRINCE OF WALES—HIS LEG STILL IN PLASTER AFTER A FALL AT SCHOOL—WALKING TO THE TRAIN WITH A CORGI.



PRINCESS MARGARET ON HER WAY TO THE TRAIN AT LIVERPOOL STREET STATION, LEADING THREE OF THE BEVVY OF ROYAL PETS.

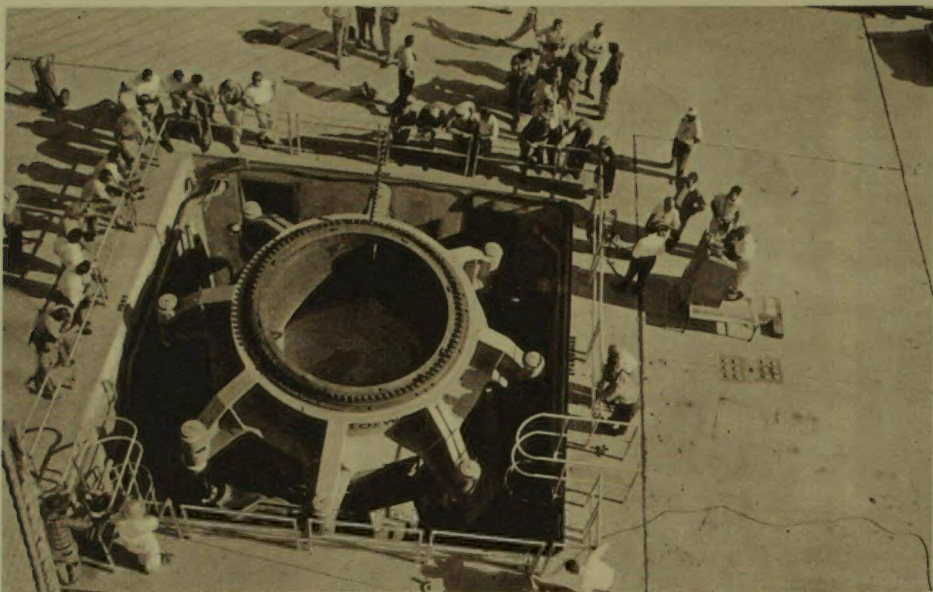


THE QUEEN MOTHER ARRIVING AT THE STATION WITH A PERKY DACHSHUND, WHO SEEMS TO BE TAKING A KEEN INTEREST IN THE CROWD OUTSIDE THE CAR.

The Queen, accompanied by other members of the Royal family, left Liverpool Street Station, London, on December 22, to spend the Christmas holiday at Sandringham House. An informal touch was given to the scene at the station by the presence of the various pets which the Royal party brought with them. The Prince of Wales and Princess Anne both led corgis on to the station, and her Majesty the Queen Mother arrived holding a lively little dachshund. Princess Margaret, however, seems to have taken the lion's

share in moving the family pets, having no fewer than three dogs on the lead. Making a break with tradition, the Royal party travelled in a coach attached to a service train. Previously they have made the journey in the Royal train. The Duke of Edinburgh went to Sandringham by car from Windsor. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, their sons, Prince William and Prince Richard, the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Kent, Prince Michael and Princess Alexandra were also present at Sandringham for Christmas.

FROM CAPE CANAVERAL TO VENICE: A NEWS MISCELLANY.



AT CAPE CANAVERAL, FLORIDA: A POLARIS LAUNCHER, WHICH CAN SIMULATE THE MOTION OF THE SEA FOR EXPERIMENTAL PURPOSES.

The *Polaris* launcher, of which this is a recent photograph, is designed to simulate the sea's motion, thus making it possible to investigate the conditions in which a missile with moderate take-off acceleration can be launched safely from a moving platform.



AN UNUSUAL SCENE IN VENICE: CAMELS BEING LED CAREFULLY ACROSS A BRIDGE OVER ONE OF THE SMALLER CANALS RECENTLY.



PRISONERS KNEELING OUTSIDE THEIR CELLS WHEN THE POPE VISITED THEM IN REGINA COELI PRISON, ROME.

On December 26 the Pope revived an ancient Papal custom, not observed in recent times, when he visited a Roman prison—the Regina Coeli gaol. He received an emotional welcome from the prisoners and recalled to them a visit he had once made to a relative of his who had been serving a short prison sentence. He said he was visiting the prisoners as they could not come to him.



AFTER SINGING IN A CHARITY PERFORMANCE AT THE OPERA IN PARIS: MME. MARIA CALLAS MEETING PRESIDENT COTY.

Mme. Maria Meneghini Callas, the soprano, sang recently at a gala performance at the Opéra in Paris held in aid of a French charitable organisation. Afterwards she was presented to President Coty in the Presidential Box, receiving his congratulations, and a formal dinner took place in the Opéra foyer.



MORE ANIMAL VISITORS IN VENICE: PONIES, WHICH WERE TO PERFORM IN A CIRCUS IN THE CITY, CROSSING A BRIDGE. As Venice was returning to normal after the closing of this year's holiday season, some unusual animal visitors appeared in the city. A circus had arrived, and elephants and camels were to be seen crossing the canal bridges, and walking sedately along beside the Grand Canal, while tigers were unloaded from barges.



THE SCENE AFTER A UNITED STATES *SUPER-SABRE* JET FIGHTER CRASHED IN FLAMES IN THE SUFFOLK VILLAGE OF KESGRAVE ON DECEMBER 29.

One woman was killed and two people injured when the jet fighter crashed into this village. Homes, a garage and dog kennels were wrecked. The pilot baled out and landed safely at Martlesham, two miles from the crash scene. The fighter had taken off from Woodbridge R.A.F. station, six miles away, on a training flight. It was seen to be on fire shortly after leaving the runway. The pilot had no chance to direct the aircraft before he baled out.



THE SCENE OF WRECKAGE AFTER NINE PEOPLE HAD BEEN KILLED ON CHRISTMAS EVE WHEN A B.O.A.C. *BRITANNIA* AIRCRAFT CRASHED AT THE VILLAGE OF WINKTON, HANTS.

A technical investigation was held after a British Overseas Airways *Britannia* 312 airliner crashed during a test flight in dense fog on Christmas Eve. The aircraft was only four miles north of Hurn Airfield when the accident occurred. All the occupants were B.O.A.C. employees. The three survivors were the first officer and two engineer officers. It is reported that they talked about the crash later in hospital, but could not say what caused it.

CHRISTMAS SERVICES AND EVENTS IN LONDON: A TINTORETTO FOR CANADA.



A GENERAL VIEW OF ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH, FLEET STREET, DURING THE SERVICE ON DECEMBER 21. THE SERVICE COMMEMORATED THE HISTORICAL LINK BETWEEN THE CHURCH AND THE NEW WORLD.



A CHRISTMAS CRIB BEING ASSEMBLED IN THE SOUTH TRANSEPT OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL. IT WAS DESIGNED BY MR. BRIAN THOMAS, THE ARTIST. HE SAW THE CRIB AS A BAROQUE PICTURE SHOWING HALF-SIZE FIGURES VIEWED THROUGH A STABLE DOOR.



EPSTEIN'S "MADONNA AND CHILD": SIR JACOB EPSTEIN'S MUCH-DISCussed SCULPTURE OF THE MADONNA AND CHILD AT THE CONVENT OF THE HOLY CHILD JESUS IN CAVENDISH SQUARE, LONDON, IS SHOWN FLOODLIT FOR CHRISTMAS.



SIR FREDERICK HOARE UNVEILING THE OAK PANELS IN ST. BRIDE'S, A RECORD OF THOSE CONNECTED WITH RESTORING THE CHURCH: PART OF THE SERVICE ON DECEMBER 21. The service in St. Bride's, Fleet Street, on December 21, which was mentioned in our last issue, commemorated the church's historical link with the New World. It was attended by the Dean of Westminster and representatives of the American Ambassador and the High Commissioner for Canada. Alderman Sir Frederick Hoare unveiled the oak panels.



THE SCHOOLBOYS' OWN EXHIBITION WAS OPENED AT EARLS COURT, ON DEC. 27, BY COLIN CHAPMAN, THE MOTOR RACING DRIVER, WHO PERFORMED THE CEREMONY FROM A RACING CAR. The Schoolboys' Own Exhibition, which opened at Earls Court on December 27, was the biggest since the exhibitions started thirty-two years ago. This was made possible by the move from its old "home" at Westminster. "Trips to the Moon" at 6d. a time are among features of the exhibition, which has many novel features.



"CHRIST WASHING THE FEET OF HIS DISCIPLES" BY TINTORETTO. THIS MAGNIFICENT CANVAS, RECENTLY IN AN IRISH PRIVATE COLLECTION, IS PROBABLY GOING TO CANADA. A large canvas, "Christ Washing the Feet of His Disciples," by the Venetian painter Tintoretto (1518-1595), has recently come to light, and is on exhibition at Thos. Agnew and Sons Ltd., 43, Old Bond Street, probably for the first two weeks in January. It measures 61 by 160½ ins., and has been acquired by the Toronto Art Gallery, subject to the sum of 85,000 dollars being raised by public subscription when the picture is exhibited in Toronto in February. This painting has rarely been seen before. It is similar to a work in the Prado, Madrid.

THE majority of the people of this country would appear to have been admiring the virile leadership and strength of mind of General de Gaulle. Another section has eyed him with suspicion. This latter has been saying lately: "I told you so." There should be no need for them to say this, except to please themselves. The leader who is tough and unorthodox in home politics is likely to be equally so in foreign politics. If he desires to raise his country's morale at home, he will certainly conclude that it is necessary to raise its prestige abroad. One may add that, if he has been difficult to deal with in early middle age, he is likely to be very little less so fifteen years later.

The context of these remarks is the angry dispute which took place between British and French representatives in Paris before Christmas on the subject of the Common Market and the parallel campaign conducted by the General to raise France to a position of equality with the United States and the United Kingdom in the framing of defence policy. Such an equality would involve the sharing of military secrets. The objections on the part of the two senior partners are about the last things that will be revealed in a talkative community. Whether they are fair or not, however, it is not astonishing that these senior partners should resent the policy of virtual blackmail which has been the French retort to their refusal to invite the General to their inmost councils. It has taken the form of abstention from the work of a joint air programme and refusal to allow Thor missiles to be sited on French territory.

I allude to this problem chiefly because it is typical of the manner in which defence is regarded by strongly nationalist opinion almost everywhere. It has its own importance, but this is so obvious that it requires little discussion. The big matter of defence in general requires a lot—and gets a plethora. It is with an inward groan that I approach it once more, a groan coupled with a prayer that I shall not be led into all the subtleties which, to me at all events, make the discussions conducted in the most elevated circles almost intolerable by reason of their obscurity.

The theoretical basis of defence which prevailed officially until recently was, broadly, that safety was to be found behind "the deterrent" and nowhere else. The strength of both sides, it was assumed, was so great that either was capable of destroying the other; in a nuclear war each would destroy the other because it would be impossible to prevent retaliation; therefore neither side would resort to war. Some weaknesses appeared in these arguments—for instance, they did not take account of the fact that a situation might arise in which one side found itself in such superiority of strength as was never likely to recur and able to launch an attack which would involve the minimum of retaliation. Were hatred at its peak at such a time, this state of affairs would be very dangerous. In general, the thesis was valid, so far as it went.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. KEEPING UP WITH THE THORS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

It was on this basis that the Government radically reduced the strength of the fighting forces, especially the Army, and decided to abolish conscription. It had earlier decided that this country must eventually possess its own nuclear weapons made in its own plants. The "conventional" side of armaments was very much in eclipse. Yet even when such views were least disputed it was pointed out that the deterrent did not deter more limited or conventional forms of warfare. The same critics argued that Soviet Russia had been doing very well on the ideological side, that the United States was in danger of reducing her power to intervene in conventional war to an alarming degree by the extent to which tactical atomic weapons were

There are now signs that the Government has broadened its earlier views. Meanwhile, however, it has got itself tied into some knots from which its extrication will not be easy. "Quality, not numbers" is proving as fallacious a motto as it usually has in the past. Again, we have been committed—though not quite finally—to a

missile development which, if undertaken, is likely to make efforts to improve the efficiency of our conventional forces almost nugatory. With another Budget drawing near there is undoubtedly going to be a tussle about the sum to be allotted to defence—always the first item to be reduced when economies are called for—and how it is to be divided between all kinds of nuclear devices on one side and conventional forces on the other.

I cannot go into the finance of the business. I can, however, set out some broad principles which seem to me suitable for the next phase of our defence programme. First, I believe that the deterrent must be maintained. It is rubbish to

say that its importance has diminished, because if we gave it up we should be helpless. Secondly, I consider that, since we have gone into the field of nuclear production, we should stay in it. It should be noted that, for the immediate future, our bombers designed to carry nuclear weapons are all-purpose aircraft and can, as they did at Port Said, carry the older type of bomb.

Thirdly, I would put it that we should not go further into this field. By that I mean we ought not to attempt to enlarge the proportion of our contribution to the nuclear effort *vis-à-vis* the United States. We can never play a very great part there. To do things on the scale of the United States involves not only enormous capacity for production but also something which the minds of the unscientific take in less readily: enormous capacity for research and experiment. Fourthly and as a corollary to my third point, I believe it would pay us and the alliance to specialise in mobile forces, and I use the word "mobile" to mean not only able to move fast but also able to start quickly.

This reasoning is not the same thing as the craven propaganda which urges us to look on British

power as a myth, to consider ourselves as has-beens, and to do nothing whatever without the sanction of the United States. (Oddly enough, the foremost apostles of this policy are the most critical of American prudence, so that they are bidding us pick out and cling to the least suitable guidance.) It embodies a policy which I am fairly sure the United States would welcome. We have a talent for this kind of work and we have already great experience in the handling of parachutists and commandos. It will be seen that I advocate no abandonment of our nuclear contribution. I do advocate prevention of its expansion in cost. I should like to see our main effort directed to meeting the dangers which may not be the most appalling but which are certainly the most pressing.



SIR JOHN SQUIRE, FOR MANY YEARS A LEADING CONTRIBUTOR TO OUR PAGES, WHOSE DEATH WAS ANNOUNCED ON DECEMBER 22—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN HIS HOME ABOUT A YEAR AGO.

Sir John Collings Squire, the noted poet, critic, autobiographer and editor, died on December 20 at his home in Sussex at the age of seventy-four. His early poems, which included in "Tricks of the Trade" some of the most brilliant parodies in the language, won immediate popularity. His critical essays also became widely appreciated. He founded and edited the *London Mercury*, one of the most enterprising literary monthly magazines of its time. For more than twenty years, he contributed to *The Illustrated London News*. He recently resigned from writing his weekly literary appreciations for this newspaper because of illness. On July 2, 1958, he wrote his last letter to the Editor, in which he said: "During twenty-five years I have felt myself a member of an ancient team, with you as Captain: and nothing except desperate circumstances would have induced me to resign from the Club. But desperate my situation has become . . . I never said goodbye to anybody or anything with greater grief . . . I have never enjoyed a job so much as I have mine with you."

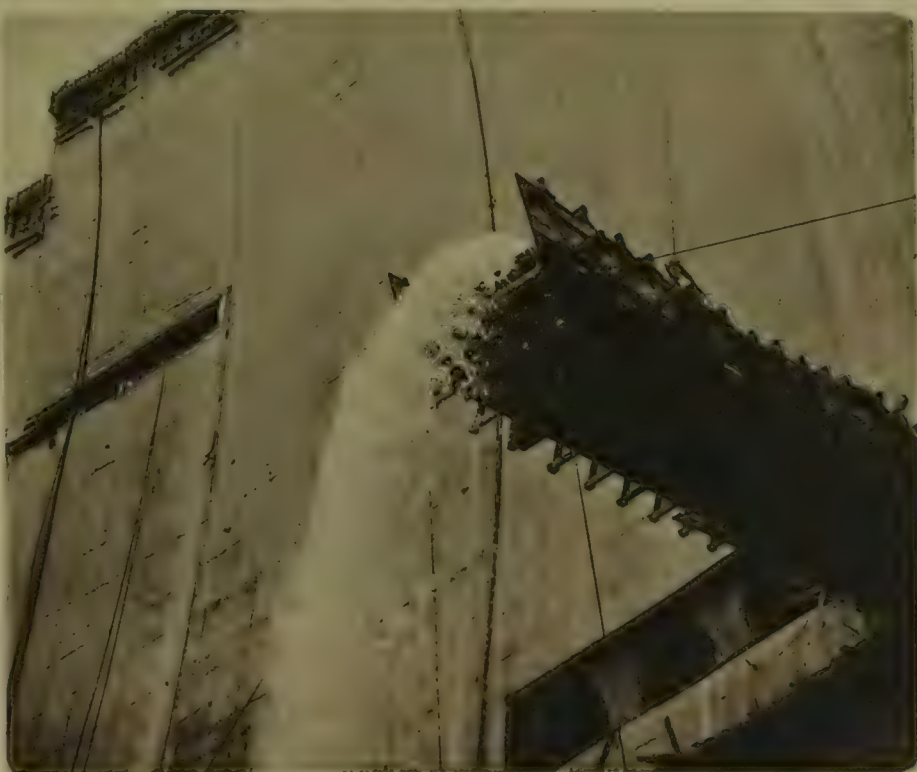
being "built into" her forces, and that we should soon be longing for the chaps with rifles sent home by Mr. Sandys.

The relationship between successful propagation of Communism by means short of war and the need on our side for forces which can go anywhere quickly and look after themselves without the aid of any form of atomic or nuclear aid is a close one. The mobs of the countries on which Soviet Russia practises her wiles, are extremely ignorant, but the eyes of their rulers are pretty sharp as a rule. If we reach a situation in which we are virtually incapable of supporting our own interests or answering the call of friends for assistance, they are quick to realise what is happening. Most of these primitive peoples make a cult of success.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



KARIBA DAM, RHODESIA. THE MOMENT OF TAMING—15 SECONDS AFTER 9.47 A.M., DECEMBER 14, THE ZAMBESI EMERGES THROUGH A 7-FT.-DIAMETER PIPE. Early on Dec. 14, the last holes through which the water was still filtering were concreted; and the flow of the Zambezi was totally halted. At 9.47 a.m. a concrete plug in a hole through the wall was blasted out and the controlled flow started.



KARIBA DAM, RHODESIA. A CLOSE-UP OF THE TEMPORARY WOODEN SHUTTER CARRYING THE FIRST WATER TO FLOW THROUGH THE DAM, AFTER THE PLUG WAS CLEARED.



SANMEN GORGE, CHINA. THE SANMEN GORGE PROJECT ON THE YELLOW RIVER, WHERE A DAM TO BE COMPLETED IN 1962 WILL BACK UP THE RIVER FOR MORE THAN 110 MILES.

The Yellow River, one of the world's most destructive waterways, is now the subject of a complex series of projects, including 46 dams, which will take many years to complete and which are designed to control the river, produce electricity and irrigate a vast area of farmland.

(Right.)

GEZIRA, EGYPT. PRESIDENT NASSER, AT THE OPENING OF THE UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC INDUSTRIAL AND AGRICULTURAL FAIR, INSPECTING A MODEL OF THE PROJECTED HIGH DAM AT ASWAN.

The creation of a high dam at Aswan is one of President Nasser's most cherished projects, but it is expected to cost about £900,000,000, and in 1956 the U.S. withdrew their offer to provide much of this. More recently the Russian Government offered about £36,000,000; and on Dec. 22 it was learnt that a West German industrial group and firms from "other Western countries," which were not specified, had made an offer of about £17,100,000 towards the project. One effect of the High Dam would be to submerge the Sudanese town of Wady Halfa, and many famous antiquities. On Dec. 28 an agreement between Russia and the U.A.R. was signed on the nature and extent of Russian co-operation in the first stage of the project.



A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



NEAR VIENNA, AUSTRIA. THE WRECKAGE OF AN AIRLINER, FROM WHICH ALL PASSENGERS AND CREW ESCAPED ALIVE, WHEN IT CRASHED ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

The twenty-eight passengers and six crew of a French *Super-Constellation* airliner survived when the aircraft crash-landed near Vienna on Christmas Eve. Two of the crew went to hospital but were reported not in a critical condition. The aircraft burnt out after crashing.



KIEL, WEST GERMANY. THE LARGEST TANKER BUILT IN EUROPE BEING LAUNCHED ONLY SIX MONTHS AFTER HER KEEL WAS LAID: THE 65,000-TON *OLYMPIC CHALLENGER*, BUILT FOR MR. ONASSIS, TAKES TO THE WATER ON DECEMBER 20.



CINCINNATI, U.S.A. "UNTIL IT RUNNETH OVER": A GLASS OF WATER SUDDENLY BOILING AWAY AS THE PRESSURE IN A TEST CHAMBER IS DRASTICALLY LOWERED—A SPECTACULAR MOMENT AS A MEMBER OF THE U.S. AIR FORCE RECENTLY UNDERWENT A TEST IN A SPACE SUIT.



ITALY. ON CHRISTMAS EVE IN VENICE: A GONDOLA IN THE PIAZZETTA DEI LEONCINI—ONE OF THE PARTS OF THE CITY WHICH BECAME SUBMERGED IN THE RECENT FLOODING. ON EITHER SIDE OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE CAN BE SEEN THE SMALL LION STATUES FROM WHICH THE SQUARE TAKES ITS NAME.



BELGIUM. A VIEW IN THE UNDERGROUND MUSHROOM BEDS, NEAR TONGRES, WHICH COLLAPSED, TRAPPING SIXTEEN, ON DEC. 23. At least sixteen men were trapped underground, a girl killed and several people injured when the subterranean mushroom-beds at Zichen-Zussen-Bolder, near Tongres, collapsed. At the time of writing, fourteen men were still missing and rescue operations were continuing. About 150 people were working in the mushroom-beds when the accident occurred.



TOKYO, JAPAN. WISHING HAPPINESS TO CROWN PRINCE AKIHITO AND HIS BRIDE-TO-BE, MISS MICHIKO SHODA: A GOOD LUCK MESSAGE PAINTED ON A HUGE SHEET OF PAPER.



PAINTING THE MESSAGE OF GOODWILL: TENDO OHBAYASHI, A WELL-KNOWN JAPANESE CALLIGRAPHER, AT WORK WITH A GIANT PAINTBRUSH.

To wish happiness to Crown Prince Akihito and Miss Michiko Shoda (a commoner) on their recent engagement, Tendo Ohbayashi, a well-known Japanese calligrapher, painted a message of goodwill of gigantic proportions. A facsimile of the message, a Chinese character traditionally used on festive occasions, was to be presented to the Crown Prince.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



ONE OF THE NEWLY ELEVATED CARDINALS HOLDING HIS RED "GALERO" HAT AFTER IT WAS DELIVERED TO HIM IN ROME ON DECEMBER 18; GIOVAN BATTISTA MONTINI, ARCHBISHOP OF MILAN.



CARDINAL GODFREY, ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER, LONDON, IS SEEN RECEIVING HIS "RED HAT" FROM MGR. GIACOMO CICONARDI, ON HIS LEFT, AND MGR. FILIPPO POCCHI, ON HIS RIGHT.



CARDINAL GODFREY'S TITULAR CHURCH IN ROME: THE CHURCH OF SAINTS NEREUS AND ACHILLEUS, NEAR THE ANCIENT APPIAN WAY. THE CHURCH IS KNOWN TO HAVE EXISTED SINCE A.D. 337



CARDINAL GODFREY'S THRONE IN ROME. IT IS IN THE CHURCH OF SAINTS NEREUS AND ACHILLEUS. THE STONE SEAT IS OLD, BUT THE GOTHIC DECORATIONS LATER.

VATICAN CITY. THE NEW CARDINALS RECEIVE THE "RED HAT."

TWENTY of the twenty-three new Cardinals created by Pope John XXIII on December 15 were present in St. Peter's Basilica three days later to receive the "Red Hat" in a public consistory. A Cardinal never wears this hat: when he dies it is laid upon his coffin for the funeral service and then hung above his tomb until it crumbles into dust. Cardinal Godfrey had been to Rome shortly before his elevation. After he had left, the Pope wrote to him: "Your departure from Rome to return to your see, venerable brother, affords us a welcome opportunity of sending our paternal greetings to our dear children in your beloved country. We have always felt much admiration for the British people, whose many outstanding qualities are well known to us." Cardinal Godfrey was born in Liverpool in the year 1889. He was educated at Ushaw College, Durham, and the Venerable English College, Rome.

(Right.)

PROSTRATED ON THE FLOOR IN THE CHAPEL OF SANTA PETRONILLA AT THE VATICAN BASILICA ON DECEMBER 18: TWENTY NEW PRINCES OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.



A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



BAGHDAD, IRAQ. WITH BANNERS READING "ROUNTREE GO HOME," A CROWD OF DEMONSTRATORS GATHERED AT BAGHDAD AIRPORT FOR THE ARRIVAL OF MR. ROUNTREE. When Mr. William Rountree, U.S. Assistant Secretary of State, arrived in Baghdad by air on December 15 he was greeted at the airport entrance by a crowd of demonstrators who threw stones and garbage at his car as he drove away. After talks with Brigadier Kassem, the Iraqi Prime Minister, he left a day earlier than expected.



MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.A. TAKING HER ANNUAL TRIP ROUND THE CHARLESTOWN NAVY YARD: THE AMERICAN "WOODEN WALL," CONSTITUTION, WHICH DATES FROM THE WAR OF 1812. HER BERTH IS SHIFTED EACH YEAR TO COUNTERACT WARPING OF THE MASTS AND OTHER EFFECTS OF THE SUN'S RAYS.



BOGOTA, COLOMBIA. DURING ONE OF THE WORST DEPARTMENT STORE FIRES IN HISTORY: FIREMEN AT WORK ON DECEMBER 16.

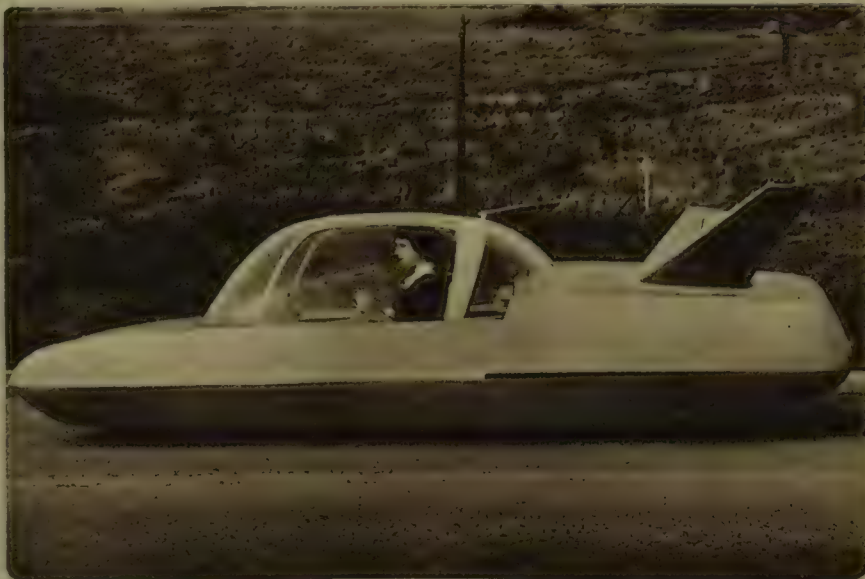
At least eighty-two people, mainly women and children, were killed during a fire which broke out in a Bogota department store, crowded with Christmas shoppers. The flames spread rapidly in what proved to be Bogota's worst fire.



DAIREN, CHINA. BUILT, IT IS CLAIMED, IN FIFTY-EIGHT DAYS FROM THE KEEL-LAYING: THE CHINESE FREIGHTER LEAP FORWARD (22,000 TONS) ENTERING THE WATER ON NOVEMBER 27. ANOTHER SOURCE PUTS THE DISPLACEMENT AT 10,000 TONS, BUT LITTLE INFORMATION IS AVAILABLE.



ZURICH, SWITZERLAND.—FATHER CHRISTMAS GOES BY TRAM—AND A GAILY-DECORATED TRAM AT THAT! A PLEASING ALTERNATIVE WHEN THERE'S NO SNOW FOR THE SLEIGH AND THE REINDEER.



FRANCE. A DREAM CAR OF THE FUTURE: AN IDEAL AND A TARGET FOR THE FRENCH SIMCA WORKS: A "MOCK-UP" CAR, ATOMIC-POWERED, RADAR-CONTROLLED AND OPERATING ABOVE 90 M.P.H. ON TWO WHEELS ONLY, WITH GYROSCOPIC CONTROL.

AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY—SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS OF RUSSIAN PAINTING.



"THE ASCENSION," A FINE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY ICON FROM THE PRESENT EXHIBITION OF RUSSIAN PAINTINGS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY WHICH OPENED ON JANUARY 1. (Wood: 40½ by 32 ins.) (Lent by the Tretyakov Gallery, Moscow.)



"THE DEATH OF THE VIRGIN," THE EARLIEST ICON IN THE EXHIBITION, AND ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL; EARLY THIRTEENTH CENTURY. THE COLOURS ARE RESTRAINED AND WARM. (Wood: 61 by 50½ ins.) (Lent by the Tretyakov Gallery, Moscow.)



"THEODORE STRATELATES WITH SCENES FROM HIS LIFE," DATED c. 1500. PARTS OF THE BEATEN SILVER MOUNT CAN BE SEEN ROUND THE CENTRAL FIGURE. (Oil on wood: 43½ by 27½ ins.) (Lent by the Museum of Art and History, Novgorod.)



"THE DESCENT INTO HELL," A 13th-CENTURY ICON OF THE NOVGOROD SCHOOL; ONE OF SIXTEEN ICONS IN THE EXHIBITION. (Oil on wood: 30½ by 25½ ins.) (Lent by the Museum of Art and History, Novgorod.)



"THE PROPHET ELIJAH WITH SCENES FROM HIS LIFE," BY KOLMOGORETZ, YAROSLAVL SCHOOL. AN ELABORATE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ICON. (Wood: 57½ by 44½ ins.) (Lent by the District Museum of Art, Yaroslavl.)



"THE DEATH OF THE VIRGIN," A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY ICON OF THE NOVGOROD SCHOOL; A MASTERPIECE OF MEDIAEVAL ART. (Wood 50 by 36½ ins.) (Lent by the Museum of Art and History, Novgorod.)



"DMITRY PRILUTSKY WITH SCENES FROM HIS LIFE," A LATE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY WORK. (Oil on wood: 43½ by 27½ ins.) (Lent by the Regional Museum of Local History, Vologda.)



"ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON," NOVGOROD SCHOOL, LATE FIFTEENTH CENTURY; A RATHER STYLISTED ICON. (Wood: 45½ by 31½ ins.) (Lent by the Tretyakov Gallery, Moscow.)



"THE EVANGELIST MONK," AN EARLY FIFTEENTH-CENTURY ICON OF THE MOSCOW SCHOOL. (Wood: 20 by 14½ ins.) (Lent by the Tretyakov Gallery, Moscow.)

The small exhibition of Russian paintings which opened at the Royal Academy, London, on January 1, must be one of the most interesting to be seen in England for some time. This is because Russian art has not shared the international popularity of Russian literature, music and ballet. Very little of it has ever been seen outside Russia before. Now this most generous loan exhibition has provided a unique opportunity to look at many of the

finest works that Russian painters have produced over the last 700 years. Not unnaturally, the principal interest lies probably in the sixteen icons. The icon is undoubtedly one of the greatest achievements of mediæval art. Originally they were part of the screens which stood between the altar and the congregation in Russian churches, although many of the important ones are now in various state museums. They were painted in tempera.

FROM MEDIAEVAL TO REALISTIC—THE GREAT TRANSITION IN RUSSIAN ART.



"AFTER RAIN: THE RIVER BANK," BY LEVITAN (1861-1900). THIS DELIGHTFUL LANDSCAPE, DATED 1889, IS STRONGLY REMINISCENT OF SOME EARLY IMPRESSIONIST PAINTINGS. (31½ by 49½ ins.) (Lent by the Tretyakov Gallery, Moscow.)



"AN OAK GROVE," BY SHISHKIN (1832-1898). THIS LARGE LANDSCAPE IS DATED 1887. SHUSHKIN WAS AMONG THE FIRST RUSSIAN LANDSCAPE PAINTERS TO WORK IN THE WESTERN MANNER. (49½ by 76 ins.) (Lent by the Museum of Russian Art, Kiev.)



"CHILDREN," BY SEROV (c. 1865-1911). SEROV, AS WELL AS BEING A PORTRAIT PAINTER, WAS ALSO THE GREATEST RUSSIAN LANDSCAPE ARTIST OF HIS TIME. THE TWO ELEMENTS ARE BLENDED HERE. (27½ by 21½ ins.) (Lent by the Russian Museum, Leningrad.)



"A RICH KIRGHIZ HUNTER WITH A FALCON," BY VERESHCHAGIN (1842-1904). A COLOURFUL STUDY IN RED, YELLOW AND GREEN, DATED 1871, TYPICAL OF THE VIGOROUS REALISM OF THE 19th CENTURY. (44½ by 28½ ins.) (Lent by the Tretyakov Gallery, Moscow.)



"A WOMAN MINER," BY KASATKIN (1859-1930). THIS PAINTING, DATED 1894, HAS A WARM HUMANITY SO CHARACTERISTIC OF MANY RUSSIAN PORTRAIT STUDIES. (25½ by 17½ ins.) (Lent by the Tretyakov Gallery, Moscow.)



"OLIVE TREES NEAR THE CEMETERY AT ALBANO, NEW MOON," BY IVANOV (1806-1858). ONE OF A NUMBER OF ATTRACTIVE AND REALISTIC LANDSCAPES IN THE PRESENT EXHIBITION. (16½ by 24½ ins.) (Lent by the Tretyakov Gallery, Moscow.)



"AFTER THE RAIN," BY VASILYEV (1850-1873). THIS IS ONE OF THE GEMS OF THE EXHIBITION, A SMALL AND BEAUTIFULLY PAINTED LANDSCAPE, DATED 1869, WHEN THE ARTIST WAS NINETEEN. (11½ by 15½ ins.) (Lent by the Tretyakov Gallery, Moscow.)

A great number of the paintings in the Royal Academy exhibition are on loan from the Tretyakov Gallery, Moscow, in which are assembled some of the greatest Russian works of art of all ages. But quite a few come from provincial museums and art galleries; for the exhibition is representative not only of all periods of Russian painting but of all parts of Russia, including the Ukraine and the Baltic States. One of the most striking aspects of the exhibition is

the apparently sudden break between mediæval icons and sophisticated post-Renaissance art. In fact, the change was remarkably rapid. The Renaissance had no immediate effect on Russia; mediæval artistic principles survived as late as the eighteenth century. Suddenly, at the time of Peter the Great, the influence of Western Europe became felt, and in a short period of time Russian art had shaken itself free of its long-standing traditions.

FROM THE RUSSIAN EXHIBITION AT THE R.A.
—FURTHER 19TH AND 20TH CENTURY PAINTINGS.



"A POOR ARISTOCRAT'S BREAKFAST," BY FEDOTOV (1815-1852). FEDOTOV WAS ONE OF RUSSIA'S LEADING "GENRE" PAINTERS. HIS INTERIORS ARE MINUTELY STUDIED. (20 by 16½ ins.) (Lent by the Tretyakov Gallery, Moscow.)



"ON THE BOULEVARD," BY MAKOVSKY (1846-1920). A TYPICALLY RUSSIAN SCENE, PAINTED IN 1886-87. IT POSSESSES THE INFORMALITY AND CHARM SO CHARACTERISTIC OF FRENCH IMPRESSIONIST PAINTINGS. (20½ by 26½ ins.) (Lent by the Tretyakov Gallery, Moscow.)



"PORTRAIT OF TWO SMOLNY INSTITUTE PUPILS," BY LEVITSKY (1735-1822), ONE OF RUSSIA'S MOST HUMOROUS AND ACCOMPLISHED PORTRAIT PAINTERS. (63 by 40½ ins.) (Lent by the Russian Museum, Leningrad.)



"AN IMBECILE," BY SURIKOV (1848-1916), ONE OF RUSSIA'S MOST DISTINGUISHED 19TH-CENTURY PAINTERS. (26½ by 21½ ins.) (Lent by the A. M. Gorky District Museum of Art, Kiev.)



"PEASANT GIRL WITH A CALF," BY VENETSIANOV (1780-1847). LIKE MANY OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES, HE WAS PRINCIPALLY INTERESTED IN THE TECHNIQUE OF PAINTING. (25½ by 20½ ins.) (Lent by the Tretyakov Gallery, Moscow.)



"COLLECTIVE FARM THRESHING," BY PLASTOV (1893-). ONE OF THE LARGEST PAINTINGS IN THE EXHIBITION, CHARACTERISTIC OF A TYPE OF SOVIET ART. EVEN THE OX SEEMS TO BE SMILING. (78½ by 150½ ins.) (Lent by the Museum of Art, Kiev.)



"RECEIVING GRAPES AT ASTARA POINT," BY SARYAN (1880-). DATED 1933. THIS PICTURE SHOWS SOVIET ART AT ITS MOST VIGOROUS AND EFFECTIVE. (25½ by 32 ins.) (Lent by the Russian Museum, Leningrad.)

The development of Russian art in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was remarkably rapid. Russian artists quickly absorbed many of the skills of Western painters—realism, perspective, the art of portraiture—and gave to their own works a distinctly personal quality. In landscape painting their strong sense of realism and drama was already, nearly 200 years ago, combined with a vivid awareness of social problems. In fact, the huge, worthy canvases which the Soviet authorities have demanded in the last

few decades are merely exaggerations of elements long prominent in Russian art. Technically they are excellent, and their colours are generally gay; but unless one is moved by the message of belching chimneys, they may seem like high-class railway posters. It is impossible not to admire the painters' skill and stamina, yet there is too much "truth" in their pictures and too little genuine inspiration. The portraits of the same period, less obviously propaganda, are more interesting.

SOME OUTSTANDING PORTRAITS FROM THE RUSSIAN EXHIBITION



"PORTRAIT OF THE WRITER LEV NIKOLAYEVICH TOLSTOY," BY REPIN (1844-1930). ONE OF THE FINEST AND MOST INTERESTING PORTRAITS IN THE EXHIBITION. IT IS DATED 1887. (38½ by 54½ ins.) (Lent by the Tretyakov Gallery, Moscow.)



"PEASANT PLANING A CRUTCH," BY TROPININ (1776-1857). PORTRAITS WERE AMONG THE HIGHEST ACHIEVEMENTS OF RUSSIAN NINETEENTH-CENTURY PAINTERS. DATED 1834. (27½ by 22½ ins.) (Lent by the Tretyakov Gallery, Moscow.)



"PORTRAIT OF THE WRITER FEODOR MIKHAILOVICH DOSTOYEVSKY," BY PEROV (1833-1882). A SYMPATHETIC STUDY, DATED 1872, TYPICAL OF THE BEST LATE NINETEENTH-CENTURY RUSSIAN PORTRAITS. (39 by 31½ ins.) (Lent by the Tretyakov Gallery, Moscow.)



"PORTRAIT OF THE ACADEMICIAN ALEXEI NIKOLAYEVICH SEVERTSOV," BY NESTEROV (1862-1942). A COLOURFUL AND DIGNIFIED PORTRAIT PAINTED AFTER THE REVOLUTION, IN 1934. (30½ by 37½ ins.) (Lent by the Tretyakov Gallery, Moscow.)



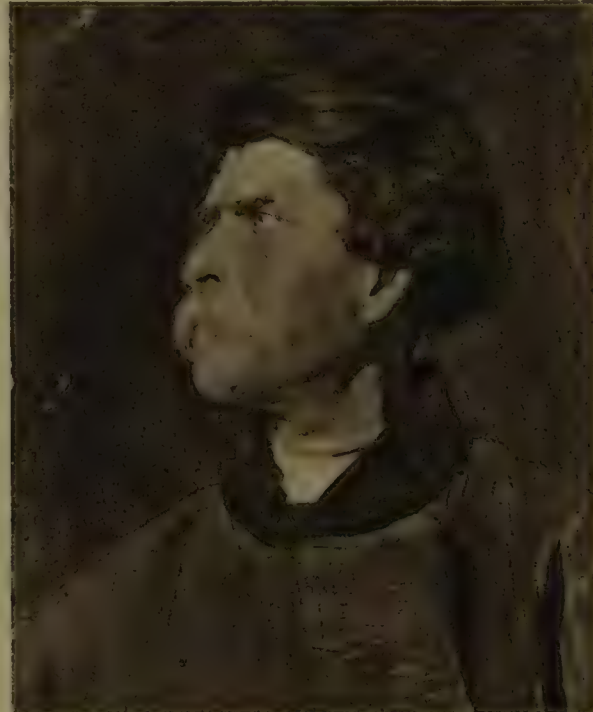
"PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST MICHAEL VASILYEVICH NESTEROV," BY KORIN (1892-). THIS FINE PORTRAIT, EXECUTED IN 1939, IS BY ANOTHER DISTINGUISHED SOVIET PAINTER. (43½ by 43½ ins.) (Lent by the Tretyakov Gallery, Moscow.)



"A GUARDSMAN AWAITING EXECUTION," BY SURIKOV (1848-1916), ONE OF THE GREATEST OF RUSSIAN PAINTERS. THIS IS A STUDY FOR A LARGER PICTURE. (12½ by 9 ins.) (Lent by the Tretyakov Gallery, Moscow.)



"PORTRAIT OF NADIA REPIN," BY REPIN (1844-1930). THIS DELIGHTFUL STUDY, DATED 1881, IS AS FINE AS THE ARTIST'S PORTRAIT OF TOLSTOY. (22½ by 21½ ins.) (Lent by the Radishchev Museum of Art, Saratov.)



"HEAD OF A PEASANT," BY REPIN (1844-1930). ANOTHER BOLD AND VIGOROUS PORTRAIT BY THIS NINETEENTH-CENTURY MASTER, IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION. (23½ by 19½ ins.) (Lent by the Museum of Russian Art, Kiev.)

THE modern Russian portraits in the Royal Academy exhibition are vigorous and fine. Perhaps they are better than Soviet landscapes because a man's head is less "Soviet" than a collective farm. In Nesterov and Korin, Russia has produced two brilliant portrait painters whose works stem directly from the great age of Russian portraiture, the late nineteenth century. For apart from the wonderful icons, it is the galaxy of fine portraits that is most memorable in the collection. "Dostoyevsky," by Perov, and "Tolstoy," by Repin, are two that have additional historical interest. The exhibition is a fascinating venture, and much credit is due to the Arts Council and the Royal Academy who have jointly organised it. It closes in early March. This gives the authorities about a year, to prepare the reciprocal loan of British pictures to Russia in the spring of 1960. A Selection Committee has already drawn up the outline of this exhibition.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

A FORGOTTEN ENGLISH CABINET-MAKER.

their turn, bear a family resemblance to Fig. 1, which is 5 ft. 3 ins. wide, and which was bought recently in the country.

The French—to speak very generally about a highly-complicated stylistic development—learnt many of their most luxurious decorative tricks from Italy, while the English trudged along contentedly enough translating the very pretty Paris idiom into our own slightly rougher language. Commodes—we might as well continue to use the French term for these ceremonial and highly elaborate chests of drawers—were the outstanding French contribution to the furniture of a great house in the reign of Louis XIV (see numerous

examples by Boulle in any great collection) and by the middle of the century had been smoothed down and prettified—some will argue, emasculated—into the subtle curves and floral fancies of the fine piece of Fig. 2, which was sold recently by auction on the outskirts of London. This is by Pierre Flechy, whose name appears in the records of the Paris cabinet-makers' guild in 1756 and who was well known for his marquetry work. Here he has indulged in sprays of flowers inlaid in various woods on sides and front, a

is an obvious device for handles, and the corners and toes are exactly those points which are most liable to damage. In both pieces ormolu is used with reasonable discretion but with, I should say, much less imagination by Cobb than by Flechy, and in the English commode the marquetry is, by comparison, a trifle stiff, though the flowers on the drawers of such commodes are often pleasantly naturalistic. I don't think it has yet been established whether the ormolu mounts so often found upon English pieces of this character were invariably imported from France; a generation or so ago it was generally taken for granted that they were, but there seems no reason to doubt that Matthew Boulton at Birmingham, amid the great variety of products made at his works, could easily have produced cast and chased gilded metal mounts of this type. What no Englishman did manage to accomplish—and I think we must admit so much, however enamoured we may be of the finest of our productions—was to marry luxury and grace with quite such apparent ease. Of course it wasn't, in fact, easy at all, but I always have the impression that while we were laboriously scratching our heads and taking pains to design nothing that was not genteel in the best sense, Cressent and Oeben and the others across the Channel were not suffering from any such inhibitions; hence some unfortunate extravagances occasionally, but a wealth of minor masterpieces which have stood the test of two centuries of changing taste remarkably well. But, of course—and here we are lucky indeed if we are able to see them in their original setting—all such things were designed for a highly-specialised décor, in which every object spoke the same language.

Up till now, as far as I am aware, the only pieces of furniture which can with reasonable confidence be attributed to John Cobb's workshop, are elaborate commodes in rosewood or kingwood of the type shown in Fig. 1. Obviously his business was not confined to such pieces and it may well be that as time goes on further evidence in the shape of bills will be found which will throw further light upon his activities—as one always hopes for



WHEN J. T. Smith wrote his entertaining and rather waspish book about Nollekens, the sculptor—understandably waspish because it had always been understood that Smith would be remembered handsomely in the old man's will, and was not—he mentioned a few other eccentric characters besides his absurd and talented hero-villain; among them a certain John Cobb, an eminent cabinet-maker of the 1760's and '70's, who died in 1778. In this anecdote Cobb appears



FIG. 1. A VERY FINE ENGLISH MARQUETRY COMMODOE, MADE OF ROSEWOOD. IT IS ATTRIBUTED TO JOHN COBB, AND WAS BOUGHT RECENTLY IN THE COUNTRY. (5 ft. 3 ins. wide.)

as a monument of pomposity, and as we possess no other record of him, beyond a bill or two, we have little choice but to accept Smith's story at its face value; moreover, it sounds quite likely, because it presents George III as a kindly, unpretentious monarch with the common touch and so corroborates other evidence about the King's simplicity of manner. Cobb, says Smith, was a singularly haughty character who appeared always in full dress of the most superb and costly kind, strutting through his workshops giving orders to his men. One day Cobb was in the library at Buckingham House superintending some work in hand, when the King asked him to hand him a certain book. Cobb called to the workman whose ladder was placed before this book, "Fellow, give me that book!" At this, the King asked the man's name, and on being told it was Jenkins, said "Then, Jenkins, you shall hand me the book." Earnest and conscientious lecturers on the technique of modern management could add this story to their repertoire.

It was once the custom to attribute almost anything out of the ordinary from the last half of the eighteenth century to Chippendale or Hepplewhite, and it is still a convenient method of cataloguing to use these two names to describe a certain easily-definable style; in neither case does one necessarily imply that the piece of furniture in question was actually made in the Chippendale or Hepplewhite workshop. As time goes on, a few other names have emerged from obscurity, among them that of Cobb, and—on the evidence of an occasional bill preserved by chance—have become identified with a certain type of furniture. Cobb published no pattern book like his more famous contemporaries, but one of the few receipts from him which exist to-day refers to a commode with ormolu mounts and inlaid with various woods at Corsham Court, Wiltshire, and this piece resembles a pair of commodes at Dashwood House, West Wycombe. These, in

marble top of *rouge royal* and rather sparse ormolu mounts which are markedly asymmetrical—note especially the two keyhole escutcheons and the foliage pattern handles of the two drawers. The feet are shod with small foliated sabots. Date presumably the 1760's and just before public and makers alike grew tired of curves and began to see no virtue in anything but rectangles. It is decidedly difficult to put down in black and white just how this piece is undeniably French and the other unquestionably English, but you can be sure that no Englishman would dare to lay claim to the one, nor would a Frenchman condescend to admit the authorship of the second—and yet I don't think anyone will deny that it derives from Paris models.

There were very many such models, differing in innumerable details, but of a similar vintage quality and often, to our taste—and, indeed, to later French taste—over-smothered with ormolu. In this instance, elaborate though it may seem, it is strictly practical, for you need escutcheons for keyholes to prevent damage to wood; metal



FIG. 2. A FLORAL MARQUETRY KINGWOOD COMMODOE FROM FRANCE, OF THE LOUIS XV PERIOD; RECENTLY SOLD ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF LONDON. (4 ft. 9 ins. wide.)

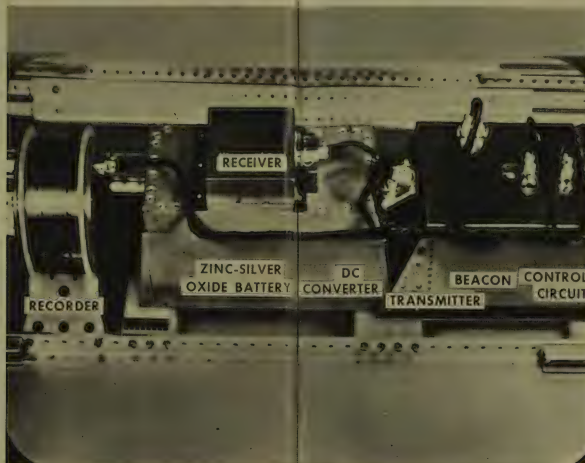
bills from other makers to turn up—from good people like Ince and Mayhew and a dozen others who are little more than names. How exasperating that so few English cabinet-makers put a label on their wares or, better still, belonged to a guild by whose regulations they were supposed to stamp them unless they were working directly for the Crown—as was the case in Paris. Anyway, it is something to be able to point to a few pieces of quality which can at least be labelled "Cobbish" so that this departed worthy may be remembered as the owner of a firm which produced fine things and not merely as the pompous ass of a Royal anecdote.



DURING THE COUNT-DOWN WHICH PRECEDED ITS TAKE-OFF AT CAPE CANAVERAL ON DECEMBER 18: THE 80-FT. LONG ATLAS GLEAMS ON ITS LAUNCHING PAD LIKE A SPIRE.

ON December 18 an *Atlas* missile was launched by the United States Air Force from Cape Canaveral, Florida, and the complete vehicle, weighing about 5600 lb., successfully put into orbit round the Earth. The following day, this notable technical achievement was crowned by a further striking success when a Christmas message from President Eisenhower, a recording of which was in the missile before firing, was broadcast to the world from the *Atlas* in orbit. The President's message ran: "This is the President of the United States speaking. Through the marvels of scientific advance, my voice is coming to you from a satellite circling in outer space. My message is a simple one. Through this unique means I convey to you and to all mankind America's wish for peace on earth and good will towards men everywhere." The *Atlas* missile, which is some 80 ft. in length, is very much heavier than earlier United States satellites, its weight being comparable with that of the Russian *Sputnik III* together with its carrier. President Eisenhower's message was clearly received in the United States and other messages were transmitted to the receiver and the recording instrument in *Atlas* and later re-transmitted and clearly received from the missile. The firing of the rocket was given the official name of Signal Communications Orbit Relay Experiment, and this operation closely followed the first [Continued opposite,

THE EARTH'S LARGEST ARTIFICIAL SATELLITE GOES UP— PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S SPACE BROADCAST.



THE INSTRUMENTS (LABELLED) IN THE ATLAS BY BEAMS OF WHICH PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S MESSAGE OF GOODWILL WAS BROADCAST TO THE EARTH FROM SPACE.



IN THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, ON DECEMBER 19: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER LISTENING TO HIS MESSAGE BEING BROADCAST FROM THE ATLAS.



WITH A DEAFENING ROAR AND SURROUNDED BY BILLOWING CLOUDS, THE ATLAS BEGINS ITS SUCCESSFUL JOURNEY INTO SPACE.

(Continued.)

successful firing of the *Atlas* inter-continental ballistic missile over its full range of some 6000 miles. The *Atlas* in orbit was circling the Earth approximately every 100 minutes, and was expected to remain in orbit for about twenty days. It was travelling at approximately 17,000 m.p.h. at altitudes ranging from just over 100 miles to nearly 1000 miles. The control system of the *Atlas* successfully guided it into its flight path, whereas previous satellites have been hurled into orbit. Dr. Keith Glennan, head of the new U.S. Aeronautics and Space Administration, was reported as saying that the firing was a big step forward in space technology, and the increasing number of successful American missile firings indicated that rocket engines and guidance systems were becoming more reliable. His agency is said to have begun the study of proposals for the construction of a capsule in which a man could be carried into space. The *Atlas*, launched only eleven months after the first American satellite, the 30-lb. *Explorer I*, and travelling in an orbit within 32 degrees latitude north and south, was by far the largest of the Earth's five orbiting artificial satellites. The others, with their expected length of "life," were: *Explorer I*, three to five years; *Vanguard I*, about 200 years; *Explorer IV*, "a few" years, and the Russian *Sputnik III*, weighing 2919 lb., seven to eight months from its launching in May.



WHY LONDON IS THE BEST PLACE FOR A BIRD-WATCHER: COMMENSALISM OF BIRDS

The best place in Britain to study birds is the sprawling mass of human habitations we call London, and conditions in this capital city epitomise the way so many birds have developed a commensalism with man. This commensalism, or living together, arises from a variety of conditions, but the two chief factors are that the vicinity of human settlement provides food and nesting sites. The cultivation of gardens and parks results in a supply of berries and seeds. The garbage offers constant pickings for scavengers, such as gulls. It encourages mice and rats for the owls and hawks. And garden refuse-heaps, together with

refuse-dumps, form a breeding ground for insects. This source of insects is augmented by the intensive cultivation of garden plants and trees, thus encouraging the smaller insectivorous birds, which in turn also help to support the larger predators, the hawks and owls. Buildings and the accessories to buildings offer a wide variety of nesting sites for birds which normally nest in hollow trees, on cliffs and in crevices in rocks. The outstanding example here is the city pigeon, the descendant of the rock dove. Originally kept in pigeon-houses a few centuries ago, for the sake of its eggs and squabs, which were used for food, the rock pigeon

Drawn by our Special Artist, Neave Parker, F.R.S.A.,



AND MAN, OR HOW MAN'S URBAN ACTIVITIES PROVIDE BIRDS WITH AN IDEAL HABITAT.

has become feral and finds in buildings an appropriate substitute for the native habitat of its cliff-dwelling ancestors. More spectacular has been the increase in water-birds, on the large reservoirs. These artificial lakes, constructed to supply the needs of the human population, offer residence to many ducks and gulls, and other water-birds and a temporary resting place for aquatic migrants. Another source of encouragement is the sewage-farm, which is fast becoming a place for the study of birds that normally nest on low-lying marshes. Although emphasis is placed here on the increase in birds frequenting large cities and towns, the

with the co-operation of Dr. Maurice Burton.

story is the same in rural areas where there is a noticeable concentration of species and numbers of birds over cultivated land and near human habitations. There are two further factors in this increase, one of which, it may be hoped, is non-recurrent. Bombed buildings provided an ideal habitat for birds that naturally nest in rocky situations, and the weeds that sprang up on the bombed sites afforded them a supply of food. The other factor, which we may hope is permanent, is the increasing tendency for the human inhabitants to encourage birds by putting out food and water, and by supplying nesting-boxes.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



BY roses at Christmas I do not mean Christmas roses, those gallant clumps of *Helleborus niger* which produce their great white waxy blossoms in the

open border at this time of year—and seem to like

ROSES AT CHRISTMAS

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

Sylvia" has responded here extremely well to the régime, and I have no doubt that most other varieties would do equally well. The bush may either be planted out in a border in the greenhouse, as mine is, or it could be grown in a pot. If the pot system is adopted, it may spend the

summer in the open air, with the pot plunged to the rim in open ground, and in an open, sunny position, and given a good nourishing mulch of mellow farmyard manure, or, failing that, a generous helping of home-made compost.



"THAT LOVELY ROSE 'LADY SYLVIA'—WHICH IS ESPECIALLY AMENABLE TO COLD-HOUSE CULTIVATION AND, SO, FOR PRODUCING CHRISTMAS FLOWERS.

(Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.)

it. I will come to them presently. No, I mean real roses. There is a hearty bush of that lovely rose "Lady Sylvia" which I planted as a cutting a few years ago in the border at the foot of the back wall of my unheated lean-to greenhouse, and it has since proved one of the best plant investments I ever made.

The cutting, a 10-in. pencil-thick length of well-ripened wood, was given to me by a neighbour four or five years ago, and I just stuck it into the border where it now grows, and left it to get on with the job, which it did with the utmost willingness. Treated thus it has become practically perpetual flowering. It produces sheaves of its splendid pink blossoms in endless succession all through the summer months, and even then, when there are roses galore in the open garden, they hold their own with the loveliest and the best. But it is during the otherwise roseless winter and early spring months that "Lady Sylvia" makes herself especially welcome, by producing her perfect blooms, sometimes singly, and often in sprays of up to a dozen or more, in all stages, from green buds to half-open and fully-open roses.

A rose bush or two in the unheated greenhouse, either grown in pots or planted out as mine is, is a very worthwhile proposition. My specimen of "Lady Sylvia" started to grow like a mad thing last summer, sending up several stout stems to a height of over 4 ft., which I decided was too much under existing conditions. So I pruned it back by about half, with excellent results. The bush now has several vigorous stems running up strongly and carrying quantities of buds. My only regret is that I did not prune it earlier, so as to get more roses for Christmas. For anyone with a sunny, well-aired, unheated greenhouse a rose bush for winter flowering is uncommonly well worth while. The beautiful pink "Lady



LIKE "CÉCILE BRUNNER" IN EVERY RESPECT, BUT WITH A MORE VIGOROUS HABIT: "BLOOMFIELD ABUNDANCE," A SPORT FROM THE OLDER VARIETY.

"Cécile Brunner" is, as Mr. Elliott writes, "little-known and grown in this country"—and rarely photographed. "Cécile" is a Veuve Ducher rose, a hybrid of *R. multiflora* and a tea-rose "Mme. de Tartas," and dates from 1880 or 1881. "Bloomfield Abundance" dates from 1920 and is a sport from "Cécile Brunner," with identical flowers, which are tea-rose-shaped in bud and cabbage-rose in full blown. (Photograph by J. E. Downward.)

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I mentioned the variety "Lady Sylvia" merely because I planted that variety because I happened to have a specimen available. But it is probable that any other favourite variety would do just as well. The only other rose that I have grown under glass for winter flowering in this way is "Cécile Brunner," which did extremely well. This year, however, I have not flowered her. She bloomed splendidly last winter, and then I decided that it was only fair to give the bush a rest and a holiday, by planting it out in open ground for a season. I wish now that I had thought of striking a cutting or two of this lovely, dainty little rose so as to be able to winter-force specimens in alternate years. That is a thing that I most certainly must do—put in a few cuttings of "Cécile." She strikes very readily. Nine-inch lengths of clear stem heeled into a bed in the open any time now, should have rooted by late spring. I heel them in, in a row, burying three-quarters of their length. It is so simple. A little trench cut out with a spade to the required depth, and with an inch or so of silver sand at the bottom. The cuttings placed in position, an inch or two apart, and allowing for a couple or three inches above ground when the trench is filled in. It is important to make the soil very firm about the cuttings.

It is surprising that rose "Cécile Brunner" is so little-known and grown in this country. It is a most charming thing, with many virtues, one of the greatest of which is that it is almost perpetual flowering. Sometimes the roses are borne singly, in ones, twos or threes, but on a well-established bush the flowers come in wide, loose sprays, and what delicious little roses they are, with slender, pointed, well-formed buds, which eventually open into the rather flat form of an old cabbage rose. They are at their most beautiful in the half-open bud stage, and their colour is a delicious clear creamy pink. "Cécile Brunner" has a creamy-yellow counterpart in "Perle d'or," but though attractive and with the same free-flowering habit, is not—in my opinion—such a purely lovely thing as little "Cécile."

A plant which makes a most attractive thing for potting-up and bringing on early in spring is the common "Solomon's Seal." Roots are quite inexpensive to buy—if you have none in the garden to dig up, and pot up. They may be grown in the greenhouse, or brought on in a sunny window. The stems, rising to a height of 18 ins. or rather more, arch upwards in a graceful curve, and with their leaves in pairs on the upper side of the curve, and their slender pale green and green-white bells hanging on the under side of the curve, make a most graceful picture, in a quiet sort of way. Yet how seldom does one see them grown in this way either in nurseries, shops, or private gardens.

UNVEILED IN CALIFORNIA: THE UNCONVENTIONAL, TILT-WING X-18.



THE U.S. AIR FORCE X-18 TILT-WING RESEARCH TRANSPORT, WITH ITS WINGS IN POSITION FOR VERTICAL TAKE-OFF.



THE WING-TILTING OPERATION OF THE X-18, ENABLING IT TO TAKE OFF VERTICALLY AND FLY IN CRUISING FLIGHT LIKE A FIXED-WING AIRCRAFT.



A CLOSE-UP OF THE X-18, WITH ITS WINGS IN THE 45-DEGREE POSITION, READY FOR MAKING A SHORT TAKE-OFF.

The Hiller X-18, the largest of the higher speed Vertical Take-off aircraft so far built in the United States, was unveiled at Moffett Field, California, on December 8. At the time, this unconventional aircraft was still at the pre-flight test stage. The high-set wings of the X-18 are of relatively small area and pivot through 90 degrees. With the engines pointing up to the sky, it can take off vertically, and a short take-off can be made with the engines in the 45-degree position. During vertical take-off, pitch and yaw are



A VIEW OF THE PORT WING OF THE X-18. BUILT BY THE HILLER AIRCRAFT CORPORATION OF CALIFORNIA, THE X-18 WEIGHS 16½ TONS.

controlled by the use of small turbojet engines mounted under the tailplane. Many of the parts of the X-18 are essentially similar to those used in normal fixed-wing aircraft. It is constructed round the fuselage of the Chase YC-122 transport, and is designed for forward speeds of up to 400 m.p.h. In cruising flight, the X-18 (which was illustrated—with other Vertical Take-off aircraft built or planned by the Hiller Corporation—in our issue of November 2, 1957) will fly like a conventional aircraft.

A COLLECTION OF APPALLING CURSES—TRANSCRIBED FROM THE LARGEST CUNEIFORM TABLET IN THE WORLD: THE TREATY OF ESARHADDON WITH RAMATAIA THE MEDIAN, DISCOVERED IN A NIMRUD THRONE ROOM.

By D. J. WISEMAN, O.B.E., Assistant Keeper in the Department of Western Asiatic Antiquities, British Museum.

THE excavations of the ruins of Nimrud, ancient Kalhu or Calah, lying near the bank of the Tigris 22 miles south of Mosul, Iraq, are now renowned for the splendour and variety of the finds made there. The work conducted by the British School of Archaeology in Iraq, under its Director, Professor M. E. L. Mallowan, has in the last ten years enlarged our knowledge of the art and architecture of the most flourishing period of Assyrian power in the ninth to seventh centuries B.C. by the objects, and especially the carved ivories, the finest of which are now treasured in the Iraq Museum, Baghdad. These discoveries have been the subject of articles in this journal each year at the close of the season's excavations. It is not, perhaps, as widely realised that among the many inscriptions found at the site are some of unusual significance and form.

Before excavations were renewed only a few monumental inscriptions from Nimrud were known and some scholars thought that the inscribed clay tablets, the common form of written document, had been ignored by the pioneers and that the more important records had been carried off to Nineveh when Ashurbanipal enlarged the Royal library there about 650 B.C. Nevertheless, in every season since 1949 inscribed tablets have been found, and now more than a thousand texts reveal the intimate history and life of the city. The finds include finely-written official texts from the Nabu temple and the more cursive economic texts from the administrative quarters, published by Miss Parker. Documents from scattered houses show us that one official trafficked in slaves while another is upbraided by his son away in Babylonia for not answering two letters asking for money to be sent. One army officer complains that he has been overlooked for promotion. Correspondence from the outlying parts of the Assyrian Empire, currently being published by Dr. H. W. F. Saggs, mentions Judah and Moab in the West and shows the activities of the rebellious Babylonians in the days of Sargon II, and the troubles fostered among the hill tribes to the north and east of Assyria. Nimrud has produced an unusual monumental inscription in the 154-line text on the sandstone *stela* found in 1951 near the entrance to the palace of Ashurnasirpal II, in which he describes the rebuilding of the city, with its zoological and botanical gardens. The festivities marking the opening of his own palace in 879 B.C. are described in detail with the full menu offered to 69,574 guests whom he entertained for ten days. Another unique find was the oldest "book," a series of ivory writing boards dated to 711 B.C., found down a well in 1953.

Yet for size and novelty, quite apart from their unusual interest for historical and legal studies, the treaty documents found in 1955 have not been surpassed. More than 350 inscribed clay fragments, found among the debris of the Nabu Temple on the acropolis (Fig. 6), have now been identified as parts of nine documents, the largest clay tablets (Figs. 4 and 5) so far found in the ancient Near East. They are copies of the stipulations imposed by Esarhaddon on Ramataia, the

Median ruler of Urakazabarna, and other vassals summoned to Nineveh in May 672 B.C. to acknowledge his son Ashurbanipal as Crown-prince and successor to the throne. Having experienced trouble and intrigue in gaining the throne after

revolt against him or oust him from the throne, that they would immediately report anything heard defamatory to Ashurbanipal. Many of the clauses provided against intrigue to seat any other member of the Royal family on the throne. Any rebel was to be seized and killed, but if this proved impossible the vassal had to report and then assist Assyrian troops in hunting down the rebels. Should a vassal be captured by anti-Assyrian forces he swore that he would try to escape to Assyria. He must not support any palace—or army-revolt nor "hold a popular assembly to take an oath to give the kingship to any one of your fellows."

A long list enumerates the members of the Royal family, state and military officials, and classes of persons to whom Royal powers were prohibited for "Ashurbanipal alone is your lord. You will die for him and never do anything to him which is not good." "If Esarhaddon dies while Ashurbanipal is still a minor and any army officer or state official takes over the kingship you will not make common cause with him or become his servant, you will break away and stir up opposition to him. If Ashurbanipal is murdered you swear that you will await the birth of a son by his pregnant wife . . . and avenge the royal death." They swore also "never to administer poison to Ashurbanipal, or work magic against him making the gods and goddesses angry with him." These and other terms were to be repeated to the sons of all the rulers of the conquered and subordinate lands and to their sons' sons. The treaty was eternal and was to endure "for ever." If it was transgressed—"You will lose your lives and give your houses to be smashed up and your peoples to be carried off as prisoners." History tells us that many Assyrian and Babylonian vassals learned the force of this threat. Among those who at this time subscribed to this "covenant" would have been Menasseh of Judah. The fall of Jerusalem to Nebuchadnezzar in later years was but the punishment to be expected for breaking a similar agreement.

Esarhaddon supplemented the verbal imprecations by the threat of divine retribution on any offender. The parties were made to swear by the names of the six major planets and of seventeen leading gods and goddesses of Assyria, headed by Ashur, the national god of Assyria, who was henceforth to be treated "as their own god." These deities are in turn invoked to curse any delinquent who mutilated or altered, threw away, buried or destroyed the tablet or broke the provisions set out in it. "May Ashur, who decrees the fates, decree evil for you and not good. May he grant that you never become a father or attain old age. . . . May Ea cause you to drink unhealthy water so that you are full of dropsy."

Further to enforce the divine sanction the seal of the god Ashur himself is impressed on the centre of the document (Fig. 2). This seal, the only example of the seal of an Assyrian deity so far known, is remarkable in that the place usually devoted to a representation of the god, before whom the worshipper stands, is left a blank. This seal is an archaic Assyrian design more than 1500 years older than the document on which it is placed. On either side two Royal seals have been rolled. That on

the right, also an antiquity (Fig. 3), is described on another tablet by Sennacherib, Esarhaddon's father, as a seal he had found at Babylon, which he had sacked in 689 B.C. The seal, inscribed with the name of Tukulti-Ninurta, King of Assyria, c. 1260 B.C., had been taken there by Shagarakti-Shuriash, who added his [Continued opposite.

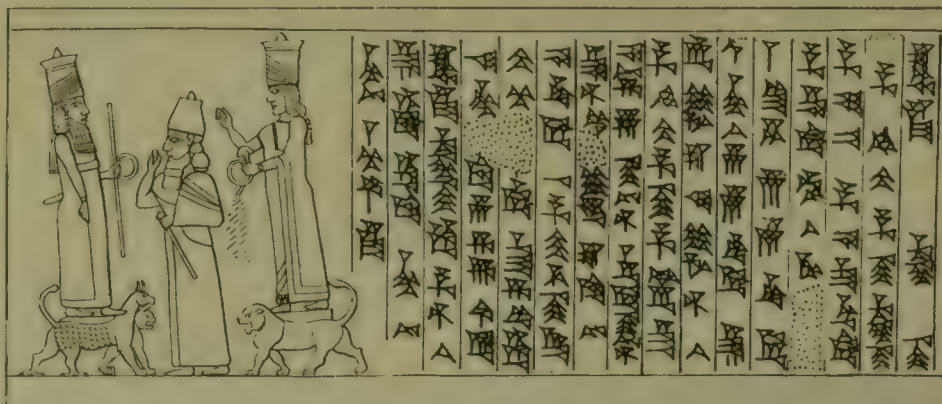


FIG. 1. THE SEAL OF SENNACHERIB, ESARHADDON'S FATHER; AND THE LEFT-HAND ONE OF THE THREE ON THE GREAT TREATY TABLET AND THE ONLY ONE NEARLY CONTEMPORARY WITH IT.

Sennacherib stands between (left) Ashur, standing on a dragon and a lion, and holding a symbol of power, and (right) Ashur's wife Ninlil, who stands on a roaring lioness.



FIG. 2. THE SEAL OF THE GOD ASHUR—THE ONLY KNOWN SEAL OF AN ASSYRIAN DEITY—WHICH IS THE CENTRAL SEAL OF THE DOCUMENT (SIDEWAYS ON, SEE FIG. 4) AND MORE THAN 1500 YEARS OLDER THAN THE TABLET IT IS SEALING.

The inscription reads "Belonging to the God Ashur of the Temple of the City." On the left stands a worshipper with one hand raised in adoration; behind him stands a goddess; in front of him (where the god should be)—a blank. This seal is unique and the reasons for the god's invisibility can not be definitely stated.



FIG. 3. THE SEAL OF TUKULTI-NINURTA, THE RIGHT-HAND SEAL OF THE TREATY, AND ABOUT 600 YEARS OLDER THAN THE DOCUMENT.

The history of this seal, which represents the middle period of Assyrian history, is known from a tablet of Sennacherib, father of Esarhaddon. It dates from c. 1260 B.C. and was inscribed with the name of Tukulti-Ninurta, King of Assyria, and it had been taken to Babylon by Shagarakti-Shuriash, who added his name to the seal. It was found in Babylon in 689 B.C. by Sennacherib when he sacked the city and brought back to its original home; and was here used by Sennacherib's son, Esarhaddon.

the assassination of his father Sennacherib in 681 B.C. Esarhaddon aimed to unite his peoples behind his decision. The ceremonies terminated with a solemn acceptance of the agreement to the thirty-three clauses. In these the vassals swore that they would be loyal to Ashurbanipal as successor to the throne, that they would never



FIG. 4. ASSYRIA'S LARGEST CUNEIFORM TABLET—ESARHADDON'S ATTEMPT TO SECURE THE SUCCESSION OF HIS SON; AND THE CURSES WITH WHICH HE TRIED TO BIND HIS VASSALS. (Actual size 18½ ins.—45.8 cm. by 30 cm.)

Continued.] name to the seal, which Sennacherib returned to its original home, and is here used by Sennacherib's son. The seal on the left bears the name of Sennacherib (Fig. 1). Using seals of the Old, Middle and Late Assyrian periods, Esarhaddon sought to impress his viewpoint with full "dynastic" powers upon the vassals who would have been given a copy of the undertaking to set up in their capitals as a permanent reminder of their commitment. The awe inspired by the seals was further reinforced by a number of vivid curses pronounced to the participants gathered

for the ceremonies. The words were sometimes accompanied by a visual demonstration as, for example, "(If you break this agreement) may your chariots, in battle with your enemy, be spattered with your own blood just as this chariot and its base-board are spattered with blood." Some picturesque threats are reminiscent of the curses which followed the covenants made with Moses and Joshua in Old Testament times. "As rain does not fall from a brazen heaven, so may the rain and dew not come upon your fields and your meadows. May it rain burning coals instead of [Continued overleaf.

"FILE COPIES" OF ESARHADDON'S TREATY—AND WHERE THEY WERE FOUND.



FIG. 5. THE FRAGMENTS OF TWO OTHER TREATIES IDENTICAL WITH THAT SHOWN IN FIG. 4. THE LARGER, UPPER, FRAGMENT WAS OF THE TREATY WITH HUMBARESH OF NAHSHIMARTA.

Continued.] dew on your land." Most of the curses draw upon everyday realities. "As this bread and wine enters your intestines so may this curse enter into your intestines . . . as the inside of a hole is empty so may your insides be empty." Others reflected the detailed observation which characterised Assyrian science: "As lead melts before a fire so may you melt away before your enemy. . . . As a hinny is sterile so may you, your wives, your daughters and your sons be sterile. . . . As a snake and a mongoose do not enter and lie down together in the same hole without thinking of cutting short each other's lives, so may you and your women folk not enter the same room without thinking of cutting off each other's lives. . . . As a butterfly which leaves its chrysalis does not return to its cocoon so may you not return to your women in your houses. . . . May your flesh and the flesh of your brothers, your sons and your daughters change colour like that of a chameleon. . . . As a honeycomb is pierced with holes so may they (the gods) pierce your flesh and the flesh of your women, your sons and your daughters with holes while you are alive. . . ." Others are straightforward maledictions—"May your enemy squash you like a fly caught in the hand. . . . Like fire may something neither good nor pleasant come upon you. . . . Just as those who sin against a god are cursed and their arms and legs become stiff and their eyelids twitch, may the gods annihilate you in like manner. May they rot you like a reed-bucket in water, may your enemy wring you out like blood from a bandage. . . . When your enemy runs you through may there be no honey, oil or cedar-resin available to place on your wound. . . . As water seeps out from a cracked water-bottle so may your water-bottle be broken in a place of thirst and famine so that you die from lack of water." All these threats were of no avail. The document is a dramatic commentary on the short-lived nature of human agreements, more especially where one party is bound by force and fear. Sixty years after their fathers had assented to this vassal-treaty and to the fearsome curses pronounced and written on the great tablet the sons of the Iranian princes broke into the Assyrian capital and marked their revenge by smashing up the file copies of the documents in the very place where they had probably been dictated and stored. The struggle for power which marked the last years of the reign of Ashurbanipal and the Assyrian Empire was ended.



FIG. 6. WHERE THE FRAGMENTS OF THE NINE "FILE COPIES" OF ESARHADDON'S TREATY WERE FOUND: THE THRONE ROOM OF ESARHADDON IN THE BUILDING KNOWN AS EZIDA IN NIMRUD. THE STONE "TRAM-LINES" TO THE DAIS PROBABLY SUPPORTED BIER'S CARRYING IMAGES OF THE GODS.

CYPRUS: THE ARMY ON THE ALERT DESPITE A CHRISTMAS LULL IN TERRORISM.



GUN TURRET FOR A TRUCK: AN ARMED GUARD KEEPS WATCH FROM A CHIMNEY-LIKE TURRET FITTED TO A TRUCK, PART OF A CONVOY.



A RECENT PORTRAIT OF GENERAL KENNETH DARLING, WHO IS DIRECTOR OF SECURITY OPERATIONS AGAINST THE EOKA TERRORIST ORGANISATION.



AN OMINOUS POSTER: A SOLDIER CHECKS THE ROUNDS IN HIS REVOLVER AS HE PASSES A NOTICE IN NICOSIA, CYPRUS.



A RETURN TO THE CAVALRY: MEN OF THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS (THE BLUES) USED HORSES AND DONKEYS TO PATROL THE FAMAGUSTA AREA DURING CHRISTMAS.



IN ADDITION TO RIDING HORSES AND DONKEYS, THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS ALSO SET OUT ON BICYCLES DURING THE CHRISTMAS PATROLS NEAR FAMAGUSTA, CYPRUS.



A CYPRUS CHRISTMAS: A SOLDIER IS SEEN HERE BRINGING HOME A CHRISTMAS TREE; BUT HE ALSO CARRIES A STEN GUN AT THE READY.



A GUARD ON THE CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS. AN IRISHMAN FROM DUBLIN STANDS ON GUARD WITH HIS STEN GUN OUTSIDE A TOY SHOP IN NICOSIA, WHILE A LITTLE ENGLISH GIRL PLAYS WITH THE TOYS ON DISPLAY.

Much private political talk and diplomatic positioning has been taking place recently over the Cyprus issue. It started on December 19 when Mr. Rountree, the senior State Department expert on the Middle East, called on Mr. Karamanlis, the Greek Prime Minister, and discussed Cyprus. Mr. Karamanlis afterwards said that his Government would "welcome a Greek-Turkish rapprochement." Three days later the British Prime Minister called a meeting of Ministers to discuss the situation. And on December 28, the first contact

between Greece and Britain following the British-Greek-Turkish talks held in Paris before Christmas took place. On Christmas Eve, the EOKA terrorists distributed a truce leaflet. But, as can be seen in the photographs above, this was treated by the Army and administration in Cyprus with extreme reserve. On every occasion since terrorism broke out in April 1955, the terrorists have broken their truce pledges. A particularly interesting development is the increased use of cavalry by British troops on the rough roads



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



MEMORY AND THINKING (?) IN CATS AND DOGS

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

FOLLOWING my account of memory in a dog, published on this page on November 15, I received the following letter from Mrs. Amy Pantin, who has kindly given me permission to quote:—

I hope I have never been irresponsible about other animals, but I have become aware of a range and depth of emotion which I did not previously recognise in cats, and which human owners must take seriously into account.

The cat in question is *Sophie*, a seal-point Siamese. I bought her aged six weeks, her mother and all her litter-mates having died of an infectious enteritis, which she also caught. To survive, she needed the bodily warmth she would have had in the nest, and I carried her about inside my coat. She thrived, and became a lovely, playful young cat, with a full range of normal activity, but a clear disposition to seek my company in preference to any other of the household.

When she was eight months old, I had to go abroad for nearly a year. Dr. Sidnie Harding offered to keep *Sophie* for me till my return. There were already two Siamese cats in possession. For several weeks, it seemed as if it would not do. *Sophie* sought endlessly about the house, crying, and had to be coaxed to eat a minimal amount. At last she settled, as a prisoner settles, quietly acquiescing in the rules of the house and maintaining a reserved sadness.

Eleven months later, I went to fetch her back to Cambridge. When I spoke her name, *Sophie* turned, approached, and at once began to rub her head ecstatically round my feet. Dr. Harding exclaimed: "She never does that to anyone. She knows you."

It was so clear from her behaviour that *Sophie* did know me that when we got here, having come by car from London, I (who had meant to keep her shut indoors for a few days till she got her bearings) simply opened the basket and let her out. There was not a moment of that cautious, head-lowered, smelling, crouching investigation of surroundings. The cat began an immediate caressing rubbing of furniture, banisters, legs, and a reverberant purr filled the air. It seemed clear she was joyfully recognising her home.

The time of absence had been longer than her whole life before.

She is now nine, and one of her sons, aged seven, lives with us, but her life centres round me, as it always did. I have learned a lot from *Sophie*, and I hope to go on learning!

It was just after receiving this letter that we made an observation on our own puppy, a Sheltie (Shetland sheepdog). She had developed the habit of taking food put down for the hens on a path the other side of the garden from the house. To prevent her from doing this, my daughter shut the puppy in the kitchen one morning before putting down the hens' food, and kept her there for an hour, on the assumption that she would in that time "have forgotten all about it." At the end of the hour the kitchen door was opened. The puppy, who had until then been asleep in front of the kitchen stove, jumped to her feet as the door was opened, ran out immediately, round the garage, past the cycle shed, turned left to the path where the hens' food is put down.

We are in no doubt that animals remember. The interest in observations on their memory lies in its duration and strength. The question also arises whether their memory is a latent force which is revived by the appropriate sights or sounds (or smells) or whether it is active in the meanwhile. In other words, does an animal while absent from a familiar and beloved place recall the memory of it? Does, in fact, an animal "think about it"? From the way our puppy behaved there was every appearance that during the hour of imprisonment the memory of the hens' food could not have been far from her mind.

Another letter, from Mrs. M. Gill, of Torquay, gives us another aspect of animals' mental processes. With her kind permission I quote:—

In our sitting-room, we had three armchairs, the two most comfortable ones were placed on either side of the fireplace, the third one, near the door.

My husband and I generally occupied the ones near the fire. After sitting for a while on the rug, between us, our little fox terrier would jump on the unoccupied one by the door, stretch up and touch the handle several times, looking at both of us in turn. Naturally one of us got up to let him out. He waited until we had opened the door, then without haste made straight for the chair which had been vacated.

Sometimes the cats occupied the armchairs by the fire and in this case, the dog proceeded in another way—he would jump on the back of the chair, sliding down

behind the cat and from this position, he would very gently and gradually push the cat out of the chair. We noticed that it was always the smaller of the two cats which was dislodged in this way.

I am quite sure that, not only can animals think; but that they can plan, and co-ordinate their actions.

This reminds me of a story I had been saving up for such an occasion as this, but unfortunately my filing system has broken down in this instance and the letter containing it cannot immediately be found. I trust the writer of it, if he sees this, will forgive the lapse. It concerned two dogs, one sharp-witted, the other not so bright. The two would come up to the owner's bedroom, and there was rivalry for a favourite place on the bed. If, by chance, the less-bright dog secured it, the brighter dog would go to the window and, with its paws on the sill, look out and begin to bark.



THIS IS SOPHIE, THE SEAL-POINT SIAMESE CAT WHOSE BEHAVIOUR IS DESCRIBED IN THE ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE. SOPHIE SEEMED TO REMEMBER HER MISTRESS AFTER AN ABSENCE OF ALMOST ONE YEAR.

The less-bright dog would jump down from the bed and go to the window to see what was happening, whereupon its brighter companion would run back and take the favourite place on the bed.

Remarkable though these stories may be, they represent merely a small selection of many about dogs and cats received from readers during the past year or so. There have been many recorded instances of cats and other animals, but cats more especially, opening doors, but it must be unusual to find one that closes the door behind it. This account came from Dr. E. Donald Asselin, of Falmouth, Mass.:

When I was a boy we had a huge black Tom who could open and shut doors. Our outside door was double, with a vestibule, yet he would open and close both doors whenever he went out or came in. The two doors had porcelain knobs, the house was old and the catch quite loose. A quarter turn opened the door. Tommy would place a front paw on either side and turn clockwise, then counter-clockwise, until the door opened. This did not take more than two or three tries. He apparently learned from watching us open the door. Often, if the door did not catch properly, he would turn and push it closed again, after entering.

We may argue, in such a case, that the cat was not thinking but had learned by example and that it was responding to a conditioned reflex. But the fact remains that if someone habitually leaves doors open we call that person thoughtless.

Miss Alice Finney has this to say on memory in dogs:

In my very long experience as dog owner and breeder I have always been struck by the difference between a dog's memory and/or affection for his own kind, and for humans. Dogs do have canine friends and companions, and may remember each other for a time, but not at all in the same way as they remember humans. My rather fierce Kerry Blue never forgot our family men and boys. One of my brothers who was in India over three years, and was not an especial friend, was greeted with enthusiasm on his return.

I am indebted to Miss Finney, also, for a reminder that the subject of animal thinking is not new. She sends a quotation from "a quaint old book" called the *Universal Magazine* for 1756:

... and Homer mentioneth Argus, the dog of Ulysses, who knew his master, who having been from home so many years that at his return all the people of his house had forgot him. This creature [i.e., the dog in general] is not void of logic, for when following any beast and he cometh to three several ways, he smelleth to the one and then to the second, and if he find the beast he pursueth be not fled one of these two ways, he presently, without smelling any further to it, taketh the third way, which is as if he reasoned thus; the beast must be gone either this or the other way, but neither this nor this, ergo the third, and so away he runneth.

Returning to the several letters received from Dr. Asselin, there is in one the following short paragraph:

By the way, my secretary has a cat that sticks its tongue out when asked to do so, and when she says "More, more," the cat keeps sticking the tongue out more and more.

This may not be evidence of the power of thinking but it is quite an accomplishment, and has considerable point when linked with the contents of a letter, which I propose to give later, from Mrs. Enid Lydiatt.

What, then, we do mean by thinking? Evidence of some ability to think is, surely, seen when an action departs from the normal behaviour for the species and is appropriate to a set of unusual circumstances. And the third quotation from Dr. Asselin's letters is relevant to this. It is a story of a yellow cat and a grey cat.

... the yellow cat had tackled an auto and come out the loser. He limped for several weeks and was unable to hunt. The grey cat would catch two mice each morning and bring them to our patio. He played with them for a few minutes then would walk across the patio and bring the smallest mouse to the yellow cat, dropping it between his paws. Some days he would catch only one mouse. Then he ate the head and gave the yellow cat the body. Many times the grey will eat only the mouse head and leave the body, depending on how full he is—he seems to think the heads are a gourmet item. When these cats catch mice, the mice can rest all day and each cat will respect the other's catch...

So that the giving of the gift while the yellow cat was disabled was contrary to normal procedure.

The mention of "normal procedure" recalls one out of a number of Miscellaneous Notes on Cats kindly sent me by Mrs. Hope Smeeton:

When I lived in Wales, I was told that the country people always knew the day their cats would give birth as the tom would come round the previous day, as if to see that all was well. I thought this was just a rather nice but unlikely story, but since I have kept a large number of cats during the past eight years and really studied their behaviour, I find this is quite correct. The different mates of all my various cats have without fail suddenly turned up out of the blue the day before, or maybe two days, or the actual evening before; but, anyhow, invariably just before the kittens were due. They really seem to have a sense of family responsibility.

I will conclude with another from Mrs. Enid Lydiatt:

I thought that you might be interested in the following facts of an ordinary cat's behaviour, belonging to a friend of mine. If this friend stayed, as the cat thought, too long in bed in the mornings, it would bring up her rubber gloves, used for working, one by one. If she failed to get up after this the cat formed the habit of bringing up first her cigarettes (in a packet), then the matches. To prove to me that this was indeed a fact, she spoke to the cat and told her to bring up the cigarettes, which she did, and then commanded her to bring up the matches, which she also did. When my friend was convalescing from a serious operation earlier this year, this same cat brought up in a paper bag four eggs and didn't break one.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



AN ANTARCTIC AUTHORITY :
SIR RAYMOND PRIESTLEY.
Sir Raymond Priestley, who has been associated with the Antarctic for fifty years, is returning there as official British Government observer on a U.S. expedition. He is 72; was with Shackleton in 1907-9, and with Scott in 1910-13. He is an Honorary Fellow of Clare College Cambridge.



A WELL-KNOWN ARTIST : THE LATE MR. ANTHONY DEVAS.
Mr. Anthony Devas, A.R.A., R.P., died in Chelsea on December 21. He was aged only 47. His portrait of the Queen, hung at the Royal Academy's summer exhibition last year, was highly controversial. He studied art at the Slade School. He won early and remarkable success as a portrait painter.



PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT, WHO CELEBRATED HER TWENTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY ON CHRISTMAS DAY. SHE WILL VISIT LATIN AMERICA IN FEBRUARY.
Princess Alexandra of Kent, who celebrated her twenty-second birthday on Christmas Day, will have a busy year in 1959. In February she will go to South America, and will visit Australia in the summer.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



SWEDISH HONOUR FOR SIR HAROLD WERNHER.
On behalf of his Majesty the King of Sweden, the Swedish Ambassador presented the Grand Cross of the Northern Star to Sir Harold Wernher, Bt., G.C.V.O., T.D., on Dec. 16. Sir Harold is Chairman of Electrolux Ltd., and has long been connected with the Anglo-Swedish Society. This is a rare award.



A SENIOR METHODIST : MR. W. A. MITCHELL.
Mr. W. A. Mitchell, who, with his wife, Mrs. Catherine Mitchell, founded the League of Service for the East End Mission of the Methodist Church, celebrated his hundredth birthday shortly after Christmas. He was born on December 28, 1858, and is still a most vigorous church worker.



(Left.)
DANISH AIR FORCE OFFICER FOR N.A.T.O. POST.
General Tage Anderson, of the Danish Air Force, has been appointed Chief of the N.A.T.O. Air Command, North Region. He succeeds General Norman D. Sillin, of the United States Air Force. General Anderson's appointment marks the first occasion that this particular post has been given to a serving officer who is not American.



THE FIRST MEETING OF THE NEW DUTCH CABINET : IN THE CENTRE IS THE PRIME MINISTER OF THE COALITION GOVERNMENT, DR. BEEL.
The new Dutch Cabinet met for the first time on December 23. The new Prime Minister, Dr. Louis Beel, who is a member of the Catholic People's Party, succeeds Dr. Drees. On December 11 five members of the previous Cabinet asked to be relieved of their posts following a clash in the House.

(Right.)
THE LATE GRAND DUCHESS MARIE OF RUSSIA.
It has been reported that the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia died in Germany on Dec. 15, aged sixty-eight. Her father was the uncle of the last Tsar. She was married to Prince William of Sweden, and later to Prince Sergey Putiatin. At the Revolution she went to Rumania, and later moved to the U.S.A. with her husband.



(Right.)
DEATH OF A NOTABLE FORMER HEADMASTER : MR. HENRY HARDY.
Mr. Henry Hardy, C.B.E., a former headmaster of Cheltenham and Shrewsbury, died on December 24, aged seventy-six. In 1905 he became an assistant master at Rugby, where he had been at school. He was for thirteen years headmaster of Cheltenham. In 1946 he became director of studies at Sandhurst.



(Left.)
NEW POST FOR AUSTRALIAN TRADE COMMISSIONER.
Mr. George Patterson, Senior Australian Government Trade Commissioner, has ended his five-and-a-half-year tour of duty in the United Kingdom and is returning to Australia. Mr. Patterson has been a leading personality in Commonwealth circles in London, and is one of the world's most travelled trade chiefs. He is fifty-five.



A NOTABLE GERMAN WRITER : THE LATE DR. FEUCHTWANGER.
It was reported on December 23 that Dr. Lion Feuchtwanger, the German novelist and dramatist, died recently in Los Angeles. Born in Munich in 1884, he won literary success in Europe between the wars. Being a Jew, he was persecuted by the Nazis, but reached the U.S.A. in 1942, where he lived for the rest of his life. His best-known book was "Jew Suss."



NEW CHAIRMAN OF THE STEEL BOARD : SIR CYRIL MUSGRAVE.
The Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Supply, Sir Cyril Musgrave, will succeed Sir Archibald Forbes as Chairman of the Iron and Steel Board from March 1. Sir Cyril, who is 58, has served nearly forty years in the Civil Service, and has been closely connected with the expansion of the aircraft industry and the development of air power.



A RESPECTED ART DEALER : THE LATE MR. EUGENE SLATTER.
Mr. Eugene Slatter, the well-known art dealer, died on December 13. He had an international reputation in his field, and fifty years' experience in the art world. For years he held his spring exhibition of Old Masters at the Slatter Gallery in Old Bond Street. These were invariably of the highest standard. He was not only an authority on painting but also a kindly and amusing man.



SUCCESSOR TO GENERAL SEROV : MR. SHELEPIN.
Mr. Alexander Shelepin, aged 40, has been appointed head of the State security forces in Russia. He succeeds General Serov, who was recently relieved of this post. Mr. Shelepin's previous work with the Communist Party has been as leader of its Youth League. His appointment seems to show a liberalisation, since he is unconnected with repressions.



A FAMOUS BUSINESS MAN : THE LATE MAJOR M. GLUCKSTEIN.
Major Montague Gluckstein, O.B.E., President and former Chairman of J. Lyons and Co. Ltd., died in London on December 25, at the age of 72. He was the younger son of Isidore Gluckstein, one of the founders of this great catering firm, which he joined at the age of 14. As a messing officer in the First World War he eventually catered for 30,000 men.

"CINDERELLA" AS BALLET: THE ROYAL BALLET'S TENTH ANNIVERSARY PERFORMANCE.



(Above.)
IN ITS TENTH YEAR: THE COVENT GARDEN PRODUCTION OF THE PROKOFIEV-ASHTON BALLET "CINDERELLA": MARGOT FONTEYN (RIGHT) AS CINDERELLA, WITH THE UGLY SISTERS (MOYRA FRASER, LEFT, AND MARGARET HILL, CENTRE).



(Right.)
IN ALL THE PREVIOUS COVENT GARDEN PRODUCTIONS OF "CINDERELLA," THE UGLY SISTERS HAVE BEEN PLAYED BY MEN, BUT THIS YEAR THE ROLES ARE TAKEN BY MOYRA FRASER (LEFT), RETURNING AS A GUEST ARTIST, AND MARGARET HILL.



IN THE ROLE THAT WAS WRITTEN FOR HER, BUT, OWING TO AN ACCIDENT, CREATED BY MOIRA SHEARER: DAME MARGOT FONTEYN AS CINDERELLA, A ROLE SHE PLAYS WITH ENCHANTING LYRICISM AND TENDERNESS.



THE DANCE OF THE FOUR SEASONS AT THE BALL, WITH WINTER (ROSEMARY LINDSAY), ANNETTE PAGE (AUTUMN), ANTOINETTE SIBLEY (SUMMER), AND MERLE PARK (SPRING).

On December 23, on the tenth anniversary of its world première, the ballet of "Cinderella" (choreography by Frederick Ashton and music by Prokofiev) was given at the Royal Opera House by the Royal Ballet in the first of eleven performances during this season. For the first time in its history the rôles of the Ugly Sisters were danced by girls, Moyra Fraser returning as a guest artist to dance the rôle created by Robert Helpmann, Margaret Hill dancing that which



MARGOT FONTEYN AND MICHAEL SOMES AS CINDERELLA AND THE PRINCE IN THE BALL SCENE. THE ROLE OF CINDERELLA IS BEING SHARED WITH THREE OTHER BALLERINAS.

Frederick Ashton himself created. In the first performance Cinderella was played by Dame Margot Fonteyn (who was also to dance it on December 27 (matinée) and 29); and the rôle was being shared by Nadia Nerina (January 15 and 17 (evening)); Svetlana Beriosova (December 26 (matinée), 27 (evening), January 1 and 17 (matinée)); and Anya Linden (January 3 (matinée) and 7). The rôle of the Prince is being shared by Michael Somes and David Blair.



IN THE COLISEUM PANTOMIME "CINDERELLA": A FAIRY BALLET IN ONE OF THE SUMPTUOUS AND ENCHANTING SETS BY LOUDON SAINTHILL, WHICH ARE A FEATURE OF THIS PRODUCTION.



THE FINAL SCENE: THE PRINCE (BRUCE TRENT) AND CINDERELLA (YANA), CENTRE; RIGHT, AT THE FOOT, BUTTONS (TOMMY STEELE), AND LEFT, CROWNED, THE KING (JIMMY EDWARDS).

"CINDERELLA" AS PANTOMIME: AN AMERICAN VERSION WITH LAVISH SETTINGS AND BALLETS, AT THE COLISEUM.

The pantomime "Cinderella," at the Coliseum (which opened on Dec. 20), is based on an American television production with music by Richard Rodgers and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II, with additional material of English origin. It was directed by Freddie Carpenter and the lavish and beautiful costumes and scenery, which are perhaps the dominating feature of the show, are by Loudon Sainthill. Following a new and, on the whole, regrettable fashion,

it has no Principal Boy, and the Prince is played by Bruce Trent, with Yana as Cinderella. Buttons is played by Tommy Steele (his first appearance in panto) and the King by Jimmy Edwards, who at last bursts through the trappings in a characteristic scene. The Ugly Sisters are Kenneth Williams and Ted Durante; and Betty Marsden steals the show as a cynical Fairy Godmother. The choreography of some splendid ballets is by Tommy Linden.

Photographs by Houston Rogers.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

AMONG THE CASTLES

By J. C. TREWIN.

WE have been going, in effect, on another progress round the castles. Let me begin, then, with those three Castles Dangerous in "Macbeth" at the Old Vic. I have no intention of bundling this revival into a pigeon-hole labelled either "Very good" or "Very bad." One has to take any production of the great tragedy scene by scene, and I have seldom known a première that varied so wildly between the exciting and the perplexing. All said, and in serene defiance of some of my colleagues, the excitement had it.

Douglas Seale realises very well that you cannot sidle up to "Macbeth" and stroke it. He restores here a barbaric world where blood must have thickened, and night's black agents to their preys do rouse. Through the murk move the two victims of ambition, one strengthening as the other sinks. Lady Macbeth is inflexible until the crown of Scotland is on her husband's head; thereafter she wavers, laden, towards her death. Macbeth, warrior accursed by royal imagination and vaunting pride, moves, desperate and doomed, towards the sword of Macduff. Michael Hordern, the Macbeth, has stature, command, and a voice that can touch splendour. But it is an oddly intermittent performance. The air-drawn dagger is not before him; it is somewhere in the text of a play. The scene with Banquo's murderers has a rare theatrical subtlety. The great rooky-wood phrases of Macbeth are lost. Then, again, he is frighteningly a man deserted as he sits, far away from us at the head of the vast empty banquet-hall, his dagger, fiercely-struck, quivering in the table before him. Up and down; up and down: the Cauldron scene goes for nothing, but in Dunsinane this Macbeth, at bay, finds everything the verse holds (we remember the slow weight of "To-morrow, and to-morrow"), and in ultimate despair fights out a life already lost.

Mr. Hordern has thought himself into Macbeth: the trouble is that he does not always think us into the part. This revival, it seems to me, is up and down because its leading players have resolved not merely to make a bold stab at it, but to search for the fullest meaning in every line. When they succeed, they do so triumphantly; when they fail, they are thoroughly out of touch. I repeat: we cannot use comfortable all-embracing adjectives about this revival. It is intermittent, fitful—but it does excite.

Beatrix Lehmann's performance is the more sustained. She can restore our faith in a part that some actresses have boomed off into a void. She reads the letter as if it is indeed new to her; she rules the midnight; and when she breaks, it is the snapping of a spirit that has been screwed beyond the sticking-place. Although she wears the crown, she is a woman slain. And it is a tortured wraith that walks the night under the watch of Doctor and lady-in-waiting. Miss Lehmann is an idiosyncratic artist. She can worry us by a sudden prim strut; some of her vocal effects are sadly misjudged. Even so, Lady Macbeth's heart is here; I have not known the terror of the part more forcibly expressed, and when she and Mr. Hordern are indeed in unison the tragedy has its full smoky flare.

The revival has been deeply considered; it cannot be put aside in a few curt words. A major Shakespearean tragedy must be the major production of any week. I am grateful to the Old Vic for this gift, to Mr. Seale for his judgment in the ordering of the scenes, and for his imaginative use of the rusty portcullis that summons the entire castle of Inverness. The Witches are faint: the apparitions mean nothing in particular; and I was

worried, during the early Murderers' scene, by the cutting of the "valued file" lines immediately after "Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men." There are various sharp performances: three in particular by John Phillips (Macduff), Jack May (Banquo), and Pauline Letts (Lady Macduff). For the first time in my recollection we see Lady Macduff environed by mocking traitors, Macbeth's servants feed. This is a fourth Castle Dangerous.



A DUOLOGUE DESCRIBED BY JOHN TREWIN AS "AN UNSWERVINGLY JUST STUDY OF TWO PEOPLE": "TWO FOR THE SEESAW," WHICH OPENED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET, ON DECEMBER 17—A SCENE SHOWING THE ILL-STARRED LOVERS, GITTEL (GERRY JEDD) AND JERRY (PETER FINCH), TALKING TOGETHER BY 'PHONE IN THEIR TWO ROOMS.



ARTHUR CRABB (MAURICE DENHAM), A SCRAP-METAL TYCOON, HEATEDLY REPRIMANDS BOB BREWSTER (DONALD SINDEN), FOR SITTING ON A VALUABLE PAINTING, IN THE PRESENCE OF—L. TO R.—JAN (JOHN GILL), CLARA CRABB (JOAN HAYTHORNE), CRISPIN FIFIELD (PETER MYERS), AND JILL CRABB (MAUREEN SWANSON): A SCENE FROM "WHO'S YOUR FATHER?" A MODERN COMEDY BY DENIS CANNAN, WHICH OPENED AT THE CAMBRIDGE THEATRE ON DECEMBER 16.

After those dark castles of the North, the pair of New York flats in William Gibson's Haymarket play, "Two for the Seesaw" (almost a secondary title for the Vic "Macbeth"). Here, in a duologue for a man and a woman—perhaps the insistent telephone is a third character—we are told what came to me as a tragedy, but is called on the programme a comedy. There is much incidental humour, yet all the while I was grieved for the girl from the Bronx—so beautifully acted by Gerry Jedd—who will never, we are aware, marry the man from Nebraska. He has loved once, and deeply, and it is plain that he must go back to the wife from whom he has parted: the gay, candid

(and pathetic) girl in New York accepts the fact with a courage we have come to understand. This is an unswervingly just study of two people; it is with me now more strongly than on the night itself. Then I was troubled—as I usually am on these occasions—by the dramatist's resolve to limit his play to a pair of characters. When that happens, we are apt to think of the manœuvre rather than the heart of the matter. Still, Mr. Gibson has a touch. Gerry Jedd is America's best gift to us for many months. I cannot hold that her partner, Peter Finch, matches her. Inevitably it is the girl we think of, and Miss Jedd is both an uncanny technician and a human being.

Now Venice and Barataria, but, for once, over all, a picture of the castles in Spain that we do not see. I am quite convinced that Peter Pratt, Castilian hidalgo of ninety-five quarterings, must have at least half a dozen castles. No one could refuse to call him "Your Grace." This immensely dignified, delicately poised, and agile grandee is Gilbert's own to a comma. But the present D'Oyly Carte company at the Princes is in capital form, and it is a very long time since I have enjoyed a "Gondoliers" better. I have spoken before of Peter Giffin's sets: now this most perceptive and endearing artist has re-dressed the opera so that it becomes all of a piece. An extremely fresh and happy production that speaks well for the coming season.

The appearance of Inez in the last minutes of "The Gondoliers" and the arrival of An Old Lady at the end of "Who's Your Father?" (Cambridge) have a certain similarity. In his satirical farce—I think it is a reasonable description—Denis Cannan, discussing snobishness, thwacks round cheerfully and, for two acts, can be amusing. The third act loiters; but we must acknowledge the spirit of what has gone before, particularly the handling of a cross-purposes talk between Maurice Denham as a scrap-metal tycoon who, one day, will have his castle, and Newton Blick who looks like something hovering, vast, and extinct. Elsewhere, Donald Sinden proves again that he is a comedian of quite enchanting ease. I am sorry Mr Cannan's play falters at the last because earlier, even though it is staged not very far from Shaftesbury Avenue, it appears to me to be wittier than a good deal of work on stages more arrogantly selective.

If it had not been for Loudon Sainthill's sets—which, to the relief, surely, of Perrault's shade, give a new grace to castle and palace and winter woods—I might have found the Coliseum "Cinderella" an uncommonly thin evening. The Rodgers music and Hammerstein lyrics—used originally in American television—are useful without being more; additional pantomime material is dire. Yana, as Cinderella, is a gentle presence; Jimmy Edwards, Tommy Steele, and others toil with the comedy. The one delight of the occasion, the Sainthill settings apart, is Betty Marsden as the cynical Godmother. In the single number that does stay from the score, she expresses most ungodmotherly views about the pumpkins and mice.

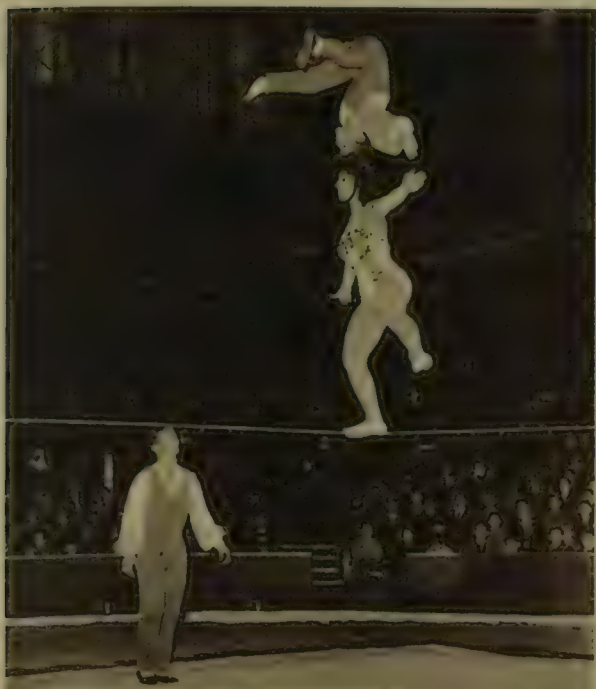
Miss Marsden has an edge to the voice, and a gleam in the eye: the part should be quadrupled.

As a Christmas entertainment for children, I preferred "The Royal Astrologers" (Birmingham Repertory), a lively, unpretentious invention in which Willis Hall looks at the theatre through a child's eyes and sets down with enjoyment what he sees. Also what he hears. That Emperor who makes hay of a simple name half a dozen times in one sentence may not be funny to an adult; but children love him, and John Carlin knows that it is the way in which one talks in any palace or castle.

THE BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS AT OLYMPIA AGAIN.

JANUARY 3, 1959—THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS—35

SOME HIGHLIGHTS OF SKILL, THRILLS AND FUN.



MAKING THEIR FIRST APPEARANCE IN ENGLAND: THE GUIDO ARATAS, FROM ITALY, WITH TEENAGE ANNA AND HER TWELVE-YEAR-OLD BROTHER IN A HEAD-TO-HEAD BALANCE.



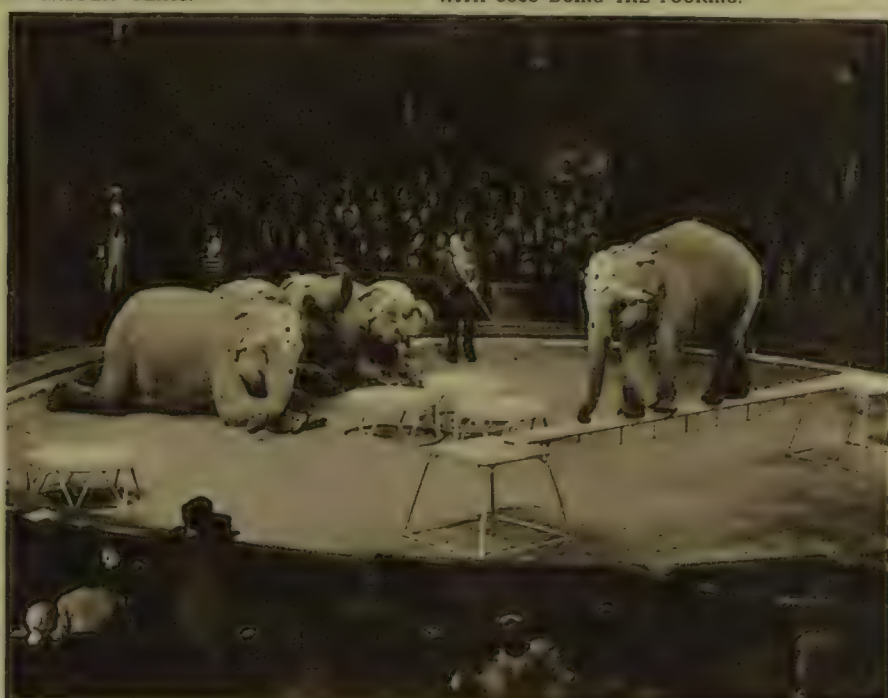
ALSO A FIRST APPEARANCE IN ENGLAND: ANTONIN RIGETTI, FROM CZECHOSLOVAKIA, WITH HIS PARTNER MARIA IN ONE OF THEIR UNSUPPORTED LADDER FEATS.



THE CLOWNS COME INTO THEIR OWN AND TAKE THE RING IN A WATER-ACT OF GREAT ANTIQUITY AND UNFAILING FUN, WITH COCO DOING THE POURING.



THE GREATEST OF ANIMAL CLOWNS: KNIE'S SEALIONS IN ONE OF THEIR INCREDIBLE BALL GAMES UNDER THE DIRECTION OF DORIS HOPPE, FROM GERMANY.



ACROBATICS WITH "A MONSTROUS BEAUTY": IVOR ROSAIRE AND HIS ELEPHANTS, A BRITISH ACT, MAKING ITS FIRST APPEARANCE AT OLYMPIA.



"ROLL OUT THE BARREL," MISCHIEVOUS PONIES FROM THE FAMOUS SCHUMANN STUD IN AN ACT PRESENTED BY DOUGLAS KOSSMAYER FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ENGLAND.

ON January 19 the Lord Mayor of London declared open the Bertram Mills Circus for its thirty-second season at Olympia (December 19-January 31); and once more the circus had come to Town. It goes without saying that this is, as usual, a brilliant and polished production. Not all acts in the circus can be captured by the camera in a way that does them justice, but we include here a few highlights. The most beautiful and perhaps the best-loved of the arts of the circus were the High School and Liberty Horse acts presented by Albert and Paulina Schumann, with Max Schumann and Douglas Kossmayer. Among acts not illustrated, the wild beasts in Knie's Jungle Phantasy, the aerial acts of the Chapmans, Wini and Carmen, and the high-wire act of the Rudolf Steys have to be seen to be believed.



THE BERSINIS—FROM CZECHOSLOVAKIA—MAKING THEIR DEBUT IN LONDON, IN WHAT IS PERHAPS THE WORLD'S BEST "RISLEY" ACT, OR FOOT JUGGLING.

I HAVE a journalist friend who is also a Herald. On one occasion I took him, with some colleagues, on a trip to Spain, and for the purpose of obtaining the necessary visas, collected all their passports. I couldn't resist examining his and was well rewarded. Before the war, and just off to Berlin, I had to get a new passport. A friend suggested that against "profession" I should not put "journalist" but "writer," for, as he said, this might well be mistaken by the Nazi authorities for the less politically dangerous occupation of waiter! Similarly, my Herald friend, where one would have expected him to have written "journalist," had, on the contrary, put down "profession Herald"; and sure enough, instead of one of those appalling passport photographs which make one appear like Toni, the Sicilian killer and the terror of Chicago, there he was in full splendour of tabard and gold wire. I was delighted. How splendid in this unamiable day and age to have as a profession—Herald. I thought of this as I looked through the new edition of BOUTELL'S HERALDRY which has been revised by C. W. Scott-Giles, Fitzalan Pursuivant of Arms Extraordinary (in itself no bad title!). The Rev. Charles Boutell died in 1877, and his "English Heraldry," which was first published ten years before his death, ran into ten editions, the last of which—published in 1908—was revised by that great authority, A. C. Fox-Davis. It has now been still further revised by Mr. Scott-Giles, who recognises that the heraldry of the Romantic Movement and the Gothic Revival has little validity to-day, while at the same time he sees in that colourful and harmless science "one of those silent influences which combine to link the centuries in the chain of tradition." As a result, his new volume will be invaluable to the expert and, at the same time, will provide a delightful introduction to this gentle, historical art.

It is a far cry from the days when the herald was an indispensable element on the battlefield (for it was he who could, by recognising the cognizances of the knights in the opposing force, inform his leader what he was up against) to the uncourtly brutalities of modern warfare between peoples. Hardly less fierce now than the fighting is the snapping and snarling subsequently between generals and statesmen. Between the wars Lloyd George's memoirs touched off controversies beside which the rowing occasioned by THE MEMOIRS OF FIELD-MARSHAL MONTGOMERY seems mild indeed. Sir Claude Auchinleck has apparently been appeased and the tumult and the shouting occasioned by Monty seems temporarily to have died down. But it was quite a good row while it lasted. Fellow British military leaders have received wounds at the hands of the Field Marshal greater than those incurred on the field of battle during their military careers. The Americans—whose capacity for giving offence is only equalled by their sensitiveness to criticism of themselves (wasn't there someone called Omar Bradley who wrote his memoirs?)—have felt deeply affronted. Field Marshal Montgomery has done his best to soothe some of these wounded feelings and vanities, though in some cases his efforts have resembled those of Kai Lung's philosopher, whose method of extinguishing a fire was that of "directing well-aimed puffs of wind" against it. In Service clubs there have been mutterings rising in the scale to full-throated roars. Having read this book from cover to cover I am at a loss to understand all this. Lord Montgomery, being Lord Montgomery, could have written no other book. He is brusque with other Generals or with

A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

Allies, but, then, in real life he is brusque. He observes few flaws in the strategy and the actions of Field Marshal Lord Montgomery, but, then, it was his complete self-confidence which enabled him to win all his battles and to lose none. His style is clear and incisive, but this is how he habitually speaks. For the psychologist this book is as interesting as it is for the military historian and the ordinary reader. It was a good thing for this country, and a bad thing for the Germans, that Monty passed so unhappy a childhood. Perforce he had to become self-reliant, perforce he learnt the art—so difficult for many of us—of utter concentration on the task in hand, perforce he had to enclose himself within a protective armour of apparent inhuman ruthlessness. All these things stood him in good stead when the time came to recreate the morale of the Eighth Army, and led him and the men under him to the ultimate triumph in the tent on the Luneburgerheide. For the military historian the full and detailed appendices and the copies of his orders will naturally have a special interest. For

BOOKS REVIEWED.

BOUTELL'S HERALDRY, revised by C. W. Scott-Giles, O.B.E. (Frederick Warne; 45s.)
THE MEMOIRS OF FIELD-MARSHAL MONTGOMERY. (Collins; 35s.)
BY MOONLIGHT, by Captain Peter Churchill. (Robert Hale; 12s. 6d.)
THE AVENUE GOES TO WAR, by R. F. Delderfield. (Hodder and Stoughton; 18s.)
MAIGRET'S FIRST CASE, by Simenon. (Hamish Hamilton; 11s. 6d.)
INQUEST ON BOUVET, by Simenon. (Hamish Hamilton; 11s. 6d.)
THE NORTHERN LIGHT, by A. J. Cronin. (Victor Gollancz; 15s.)
THE LOST WORLD OF THE KALAHARI, by Colonel Laurens van der Post. (The Hogarth Press; 18s.)
THE AUNT'S STORY, by Patrick White. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 16s.)
WHITAKER'S ALMANACK 1959. (J. Whitaker and Sons Ltd.; cloth boards, 18s. 6d.; paper bound, 10s.)

the ordinary reader this story, so clearly told, will hold him from the first page to the last.

The British, unlike the Germans, excel at fighting private wars, and in the last war the number of Laurens of Arabia was even greater than in the first. This was partly due to the greater area of German conquests, and to the growth of British-stimulated Resistance Movements on a scale and of an effectiveness which the first war never saw. I have just been reading an artless but exciting novel by Captain Peter Churchill called BY MOONLIGHT. It is artless because Captain Churchill has no pretensions towards "fancy" writing. The book is, nevertheless, rewarding. Captain Churchill, in this thinly-disguised account of his own experiences has mastered an art far too infrequently displayed these days: he knows how to tell a good story so that whether you like it or not you are compelled to read it through to the end. Boys' Own Paper stuff? Perhaps. But it is also the stuff of history.

Another healthy and yet moving book that appealed to me was R. F. Delderfield's THE AVENUE GOES TO WAR. This is a simple story of

a suburb and the afflictions and the courage of its inhabitants during the last war. For those who lived through the blitz in London it will be highly evocative. (I shall always regard as my greatest culinary feat cooking my breakfast on an upturned electric iron supported by two bricks from the house three doors away, which had been hit during the night: my wife, I may say, was not best pleased by what this feat did to her iron!) In the 'twenties the illegal German General Staff solemnly attempted to teach the officers of the future *Reichswehr* a sense of humour, which they believed was the secret of our victory in the 1914-18 war. If they want to know why they didn't win the last war, they couldn't do better than read this book.

In France (is it perhaps because they are anti-feminist?) the best detective story-writers are men. In this country the great trio of ingenious ladies—Agatha Christie, Ngaio Marsh, and the late Dorothy Sayers—leave their male counterparts panting far behind them. Among the French detective story-writers Simenon, of course, is totally pre-eminent, and I was delighted to find that Simenon has led us back into the past of Maigret, when that great detective was far from being the master of the Quai des Orfèvres but a mere secretary to the Superintendent of a local Paris police station. MAIGRET'S FIRST CASE (the year, we are told, is 1913) will delight his fans and delight, too, those who care to sniff the Parisian atmosphere where politics and wealth must make the policeman's lot—as on this occasion—far from being a happy one. The other Simenon book, which I have beside me, INQUEST ON BOUVET, has no Maigret in it, and, therefore, aroused in me, at first, just sales resistance. But this exciting tale about the odd old gentleman who suddenly fell dead by the print-sellers' stands on the quais and who turned out to be—but no, it would spoil it if I told you—is as good as anything Simenon has produced. It is admirably written and admirably translated by Eugene MacCown.

Of the other books which I have read recently, two are first-class and one disappointing. I take it as a self-evident proposition that A. J. Cronin could never write a bad book, and his THE NORTHERN LIGHT, which tells the story of the tragedy and the triumph of an upright provincial editor-proprietor faced with unscrupulous competition, is a very good novel indeed. Similarly anything from the pen of Colonel Laurens van der Post is sure to be attractive. His latest book, THE LOST WORLD OF THE KALAHARI, deals with his search for the now almost extinct race of the Bushmen; but it is a great deal more. It provides an admirable commentary on the history of South Africa, and its present politics, while at the same time his descriptions of veld and desert are sure and deft.

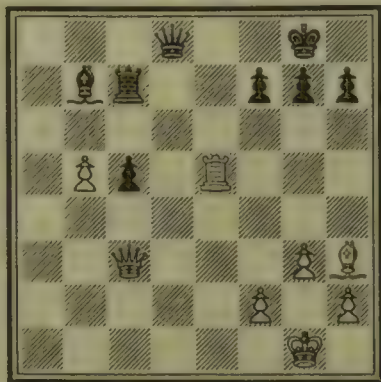
I know I ought to like Mr. Patrick White's work. I read his "Voss," however, with interest rather than enjoyment. And now his THE AUNT'S STORY, which others, whose judgment I value, assure me is admirable, in some way grated. I think it is because I find his style unpleasing—perhaps because of what seems to me a pretentious striving after "good writing." Still, I am sure I am wrong, and, anyhow, *de gustibus*!

Finally, I have been looking at the 1959 WHITAKER'S ALMANACK—but Whitaker's is not really a book. It is a necessity.

In our issue of December 13 we said that the book "Brogan and the Black Enchanter," by Patricia Lynch (Burke Publishing Co., Ltd.), cost 19s. 6d. The price is, of course, only 9s. 6d.

THREE brilliancies from the recent International Team Tournament at Munich:

ELISKASES (Austria), Black



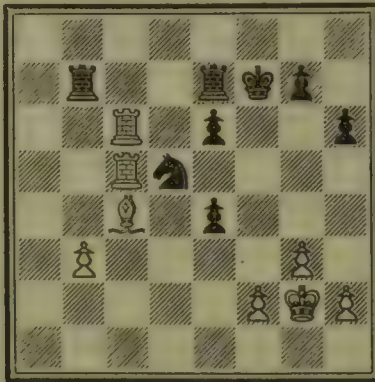
Ivkov (Yugoslavia), White

Here Ivkov played 1. Q-Q2! Q-KB1 (for 1. . . . Q-Q2? 2. R-K8 is mate); 2. Q-K3 and Black was helpless. 1. . . . Q-R1 would have failed against 2. Q-R5! Q-Kt1; 3. Q-R1!

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

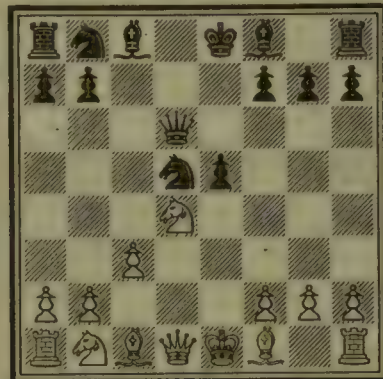
LOKVENC (Austria), Black



WADE (England), White

White played 1. R-Kt and after 1. . . . P-R; 2. B-Pch he wins, not just the exchange back, but (analyse it out!) a whole rook.

MACLEOD (Scotland), Black



GRIVAINIS (South Africa), White

Black, who has just played . . . P-K4?, is confounded by 1. Kt-Kt5. Since 1. . . . Q-QB3 would lose a piece by 2. Q-Kt1 Q-Q; 3. Kt-B7ch and 4. Kt-Q, he tried 1. . . . Q-QKt3; 2. Q-Kt, B-K3, but after 3. Q-KP, Kt-B3; 4. Kt-B7ch, K-Q2; 5. Kt-R was worse off than ever, for his own queen, too, is attacked now.

GREAT DRAWINGS BY DUTCH ARTISTS.



"AN ELDERLY MAN SEATED, IN A PENSIVE MOOD," BY JACQUES DE GHEYN (1565-1629). (Black and white chalk: 6½ by 4½ ins.) (Haarlem, Teylers Stichting.)



"A GIRL WITH UNTIDY HAIR": AN IMPRESSIVE DRAWING OF 1883, WHEN HE WAS WORKING IN THE HAGUE, BY VINCENT VAN GOGH (1853-1890). (Black chalk and brush with grey and white wash: 17½ by 9½ ins.) (Otterlo, Rijksmuseum Kröller-Müller.)

MASTERPIECES IN AN AMERICAN LOAN EXHIBITION.



"TWO MEN CONVERSING," BY AN ANONYMOUS DUTCH MASTER, AFTER 1450. (Black chalk, partly gone over in brown ink, and heightened with white: 5½ by 4½ ins.) (Berlin-Dahlem Kupferstichkabinett.)



"THREE 'TIMBER AND STONE' HOUSES, NEAR BENTHEIM CASTLE," BY JACOB VAN RUYSDAEL (1629-1682), WHO GRADUATED AS A DOCTOR OF MEDICINE IN 1676 AND PRACTISED IN AMSTERDAM. (Black chalk and brush with India ink: 5½ by 9½ ins.) (Haarlem, Teylers Stichting.)



"THE NAVE AND SIDE-AISLES OF THE CATHEDRAL AT UTRECHT": A SUPERB SIGNED DRAWING BY PIETER JANSZ SAENREDAM (1597-1665). (Pen and chalks, with water-colour, on blue paper: 15½ by 20½ ins.) (Utrecht, Gemeente-Achiel.)



"A FARMYARD": ONE OF THE FEW EXISTING DRAWINGS BY HERCULES SEGHERS (c. 1590-c. 1638). (Body colour on top of an uneven layer of greyish colour, above a brush drawing: 7 by 11½ ins.) (Amsterdam, Rijksprentenkabinet, Rijksmuseum.)



"THE VIRGIN MARY WITH THE INFANT CHILD AND TWO FEMALE SAINTS," BY JAN GOSSAERT, CALLED MABUSE (c. 1475-c. 1535). (Black chalk: 16½ by 12½ ins.) (Collection; Dr. N. Beets.)

ORGANISED by the Print Room of the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam, and circulated by the Smithsonian Institution, this superb Exhibition of Dutch Drawings includes masterpieces from five centuries, ranging from an anonymous drawing of about 1410 to a group of six drawings by Van Gogh. Most of the 148 drawings have been lent by Dutch museums and private collectors, but a number come from the Kupferstichkabinett in Berlin and from American collections. The Exhibition has already been shown at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, and is at the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York, until November 30. From December 11 to January 4 it will be at the M. H. de Young Memorial Museum, San Francisco; from January 16 to February 12 at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; and from February 25 to March 22 at the Cleveland Museum.

THE WORLD OF MOTORING.

CAR OF THE MONTH—THE STANDARD *VIGNALE VANGUARD*.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL A. G. DOUGLAS CLEAVE, B.Sc., A.M.I.Mech.E.

SOME five or six years ago at the Italian Motor Show in Turin, I was introduced to a young man who, I was informed, was undoubtedly one of the up-and-coming coachwork stylists. The name of the young man was Michelotti.

Since that occasion I have several times encountered the name in connection with cars designed by him, but not the man himself. It was, therefore, with more than the usual interest that I recently sampled the Standard *Vignale Vanguard*, the distinctive styling of which was produced by the Italian coachbuilder Vignale, working with Michelotti, who has been retained by the Standard Motor Company as styling consultant.

When the car was introduced at Earls Court in October last it was generally acclaimed for its attractive new appearance, but in actual fact the sleek modern lines have been achieved by only comparatively minor alterations to the basic design. Yet it is undeniable that it has a completely new look, appearing longer and lower than the previous *Vanguard III*. It comes as a surprise to most people, therefore, to learn that the internal dimensions of the body are unchanged, and that the headroom is accordingly the same as before.

Styling features which contribute to the well-balanced proportions of the car are the increased depth of the wide curved screen and of the wrap-round rear window, for these lighten the appearance of the roof and, a definite improvement from the practical point of view, enhance visibility ahead and astern. Then, a different treatment of the two-colour scheme is more in keeping with the lines of the body, and a narrow stainless steel moulding runs along the body sides to give a line of demarcation between the two colours. Anodised aluminium wheel discs also add to the appearance.

At the front the car has been given more character by the new radiator grille with horizontal louvres, at the sides of which are mounted the side lights and flashing turn-indicators, and by the deep headlamp cowls. At the rear a neater and more pleasing grouping of the rear lights, indicators, and reflectors has been adopted.

Access to both front and rear seats is easy, the doors opening wide. The bench-type front seat and the rear seat both have folding centre arm-rests, while elbow rests which form door pulls are mounted on the front doors. The upholstery is in Vynide over foam rubber overlays on spring cases, and proves comfortable, being soft but at the same time firm enough to hold the occupants securely. Leather upholstery may be specified as an extra.

The easily adjustable front seat allows a natural driving position to be obtained by drivers of differing stature, and the angle of the two-spoked steering-wheel, the location of the pedals, and the position of the central gear-lever, which is provided if the four-speed gear-box is chosen, contribute to driver comfort.

Instruments are well grouped for easy observation, and include speedometer with trip mileage, ammeter, gauges for fuel, water temperature, and oil pressure, and warning lights for ignition, indicators, and high beam. Subsidiary controls are grouped at the sides of the steering column, with choke, screen-wiper and instrument lighting switches to the left, and combined ignition and starter key, lighting switch, and screenwasher button to the right.

A refinement is the provision of a rheostat in the instrument lighting switch, so that the driver can adjust the degree of illumination to his taste. Controls for the heater and ventilating system are centrally mounted beneath the fascia.

Since I last dealt with the *Vanguard III* in August 1956 the technical specification has not greatly changed, but an important modification has been made to the rear half-elliptic suspension, larger section tyres are fitted, and the choice is given of a three-speed gear-box with steering-column control or a four-speed box with a central floor-mounted gear-lever.

The rear springs are now shorter, and the telescopic dampers are fitted at an angle, being inclined inwards from bottom to top. This alteration has effected a marked improvement in the road-holding; it is comparatively free from roll on corners or fast bends, and takes indifferent road surfaces with

remarkable steadiness. At the same time the riding comfort does not appear to have been reduced to any appreciable extent.

Possibly the larger section tubeless tyres, 5.90-in. on 15-in. wheels, instead of 5.50-in. on 16-in. wheels, have made the steering slightly heavier at low speeds, but the degree of understeer is not excessive, and the steering is precise and self-centres nicely.

The test car had the four-speed gear-box, which is a delight to handle. The gear-lever is not of the remote control type, but it is cranked to come within easy reach, is not flimsy, and is lifted to move it into the reverse position. The synchromesh mechanism on second, third, and top allows quite rapid changes to be made.

Gear ratios seem well chosen to suit the engine characteristics. First gear of 15.2 to 1 can be regarded as for emergency use, apart from starting on an up-grade. On second with a 9.03 to 1 ratio a speed of nearly 40 m.p.h. can be attained, although normally one would change up at, say, 30 m.p.h. Third gear with a ratio of 5.96 to 1 is particularly useful for rapid overtaking, for it takes the car swiftly up to 60 m.p.h. or over if required.

On top, with a ratio of 4.3 to 1, the road speed is 17.3 m.p.h. at 1000 r.p.m., and while a maximum of over 80 m.p.h. is available if conditions permit, it is surprising how often the speedometer needle will be found in the 70-75 m.p.h. region on a road not choked with traffic.

Acceleration is quite lively for a car of 8 ft. 6 ins. wheelbase with a roomy

four-door saloon body which can accommodate six adults in very reasonable comfort. From rest to 30 m.p.h. in 6 secs. and to 60 m.p.h. in 22 secs. will more than satisfy the average driver.

Brakes are Lockheed hydraulic with two leading shoes in the front drums, and they are well up to the car's performance, showing no sign of fade in fast driving and needing only light pedal pressure. The handbrake is of pull-on type beneath the right-hand end of the fascia and is released by turning it. It is quite effective in holding the car on a gradient.

The 2-litre engine is a well-proved unit, with a reputation for longevity, and it remains smooth and quiet throughout its speed range. It is an instant starter from cold, and warms up rapidly, so that the choke can quickly be put out of action. The level of mechanical noise is commendably low, and wind noise also is not obtrusive, even at high speed, provided that the

ventilating panels in the four door windows are closed.

Thanks to the efficiency of the Smith heater and ventilating system there is no need to open windows or ventilators, for either warm or cold air can be admitted to the car or used for demisting. The air inlet is at the base of the screen, in a position free from traffic fumes, and at touring speeds it is not necessary to use the heater booster fan.

I give the *Vignale Vanguard* full marks for under-bonnet accessibility. The bonnet top is released by a control beneath the fascia, has the usual safety catch, and is counterbalanced for easy opening. The battery is on the near side, most accessible for topping up, and the fluid reservoirs for brake and clutch actuation, the screenwasher reservoir, and the dipstick and oil-filler are all within easy reach.

Luggage space in the boot is 14 cub. ft., tools are held in clips within it, the boot lid has a spring-loaded stay, and the spare wheel is carried below the boot floor. A reserve petrol tap is also provided in the boot. Altogether the car is well turned out, and at a basic price of £695, or £1043 17s. with purchase tax, it is an attractive proposition in more senses than one.

MOTORING NOTES.

Following the laying of the foundation-stone by H.E. the French Ambassador, M. Jean Chauvel, G.C.V.O., the £250,000 extension of the assembly plant of Renault Ltd., at Western Avenue, Acton, is taking shape. It is needed to deal with the growing demand for the *Dauphine*, the high-performance *Gordini-Dauphine* and, in due course, the new *Floride*, which attracted so much admiration at the Paris and Earls Court Motor Shows. The new buildings will include a showroom fronting Western Avenue, a two-storey office block, repair workshop, car delivery bay and car storage.



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life's simple pleasures

Does one ever wholly forget one's first play? It was, no doubt, carefully chosen for its supposed suitability to our juvenile tastes and susceptibilities. It would, no doubt, seem remarkably bad, if we could see it again now. But it started us off on a progression which led by way of half-term-holiday gallery seats at the livelier musical shows to whatever it is that earns our patronage now. Later experience may have modified earlier raptures, but the moment when the house lights go down and the curtain goes up never entirely loses its magic. It may rise upon a comical world or a fantastical world or, maybe, upon our own world, seen in a mirror. It never, alas, rises upon the world of banking. But are the dramatists right? Twice within the past twelve months the Midland Bank has pioneered new developments which have dramatically changed the whole banking picture. It has introduced a 'personal' note into such hitherto impersonal things as cheque books and bank loans – and the customers like it. More to the point, perhaps – the 'box office returns' are good.

